

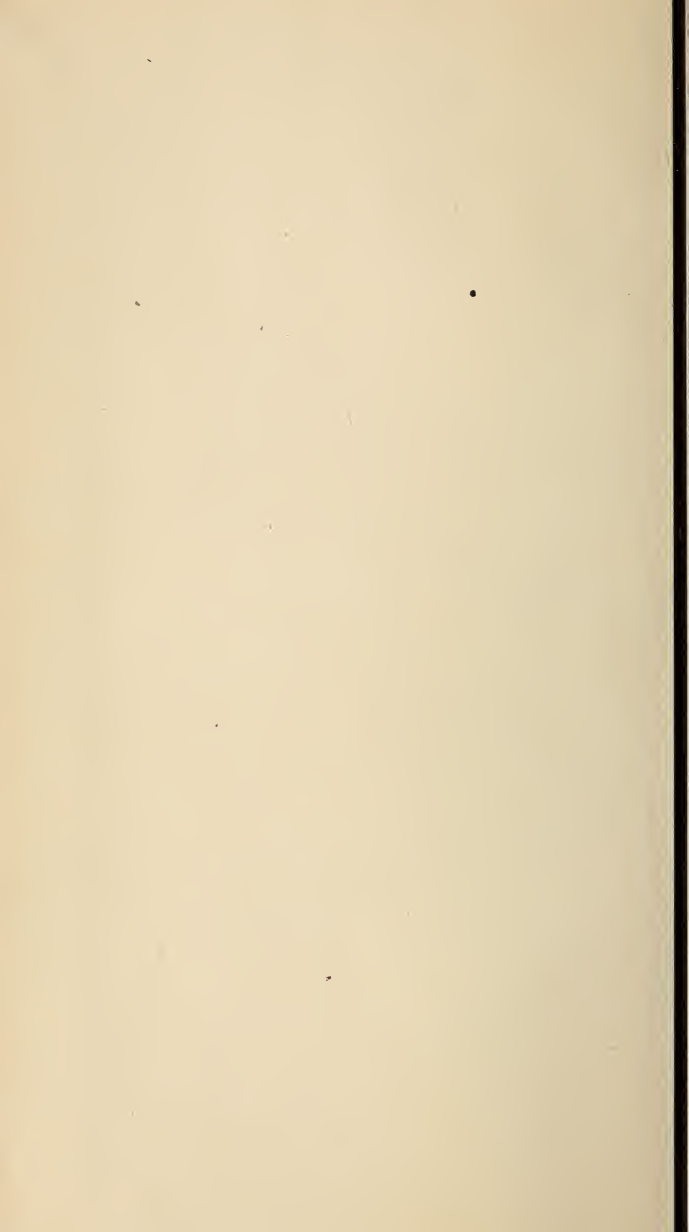


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1871











# HYMNAL:

ACCORDING TO THE USE

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*Hymnal*



PHILADELPHIA  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.  
1871.

BV 372  
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6-4-3-Mar-24-19.

# H Y M N S.

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## I.—*THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.*

### ADVENT.

1

L. M.

“The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.”

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge and our great Reward;  
Without thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Shine forth, and let thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,  
Whose Advent doth thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

“Thy kingdom come.”

**B**REAK with thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin ;  
Thy kingdom come, O God,  
Thy reign, O Christ, begin.

- 2 Where is thy rule of peace,  
And purity, and love ?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above ?
- 3 When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee thy face before ?
- 4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in thy great might ;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn thy sacred Name,  
And wolves devour thy fold ;  
By many deeds of shame  
We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet :  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”

**O** JESUS, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :

Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
 His Name and sign who bear,  
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep him standing there.

- 2 O Jesus, thou art knocking :  
 And lo ! that hand is scarr'd,  
 And thorns thy brow encircle,  
 And tears thy face have marr'd :  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait !  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate !

- 3 O Jesus, thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "I died for you, my children,  
 And will ye treat me so ?"  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door :  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore.

4

C. M. DOUBLE.

ONCE more, O Lord, thy sign shall be  
 Upon the heavens display'd,  
 And earth and its inhabitants  
 Be terribly afraid :  
 For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st,  
 Our woes, our sins to bear,  
 But girt with all thy Father's might,  
 His judgment to declare.

- 2 The terrors of that awful day,  
 O who can understand ?  
 Or who abide, when thou in wrath  
 Shalt lift thy holy hand ?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
 The sun in heaven grow pale ;  
 But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

- 3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
 Our time in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven  
 Thy glory shall appear,  
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
 In triumph we may rise,  
 And enter, with thine angel train,  
 Thy palace in the skies.

## 5

## L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;  
 And withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same  
 As once in lowly form he came ;  
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead !
- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm ;  
 On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
 By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride,  
 The Nazarene ? the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
 " Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall ! "



Thy saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

6

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

"Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they  
also which pierced him."

**L**O! he comes in clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Alleluia!

Christ appears on earth again.

2 Every eye shall now behold him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
They who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of his Passion  
Still his dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers;  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:  
O come quickly!  
Alleluia! AMEN!

7

SIX 8s.

From the cx. Psalm.

**T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake:  
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,

Sit thou in state at my right hand :  
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,  
And all thy proud opposers see  
Subjected to thy just command.

- 2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,  
The willing people shall obey;  
And, when thy rising beams they view,  
Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)  
Appear more numerous and bright  
Than crystal drops of morning dew."
- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
That, like Melchizedek's, thy reign  
And priesthood shall no period see :  
Anointed Prince ! thou, bending low,  
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,  
Then raise thy head in victory !

## 8

## L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

- 2 When shrivelling, like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 O on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

9

SIX 8s.

"He saith, Surely I come quickly : Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

COME, quickly come, dread Judge of all ;  
 For, awful though thine Advent be,  
 All shadows from the truth will fall,  
 And falsehood die, in sight of thee :  
 Come, quickly come : for doubt and fear  
 Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all ;  
 Reign all around us, and within ;  
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :  
 Come, quickly come : for thou alone  
 Canst make thy scatter'd people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all ;  
 For death is mighty all around ;  
 On every home his shadows fall,  
 On every heart his mark is found :  
 Come, quickly come : for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
 And weakly souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day :  
 Come, quickly come : for round thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

10

SIX 8s.

From the 1. Psalm.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God  
 Hath sent his summons all abroad,

From dawning light till day declines :  
 The listening earth his voice hath heard,  
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,  
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

- 2 Our God shall come, and keep no more  
 Misconstrued silence as before,  
 But wasting flames before him send ;  
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage,  
 Whilst he does heaven and earth engage  
 His just tribunal to attend.

11

C. M.

IF yet, while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought ;

- 2 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
 In majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 O how shall I appear ?

12

L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !  
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word !  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;  
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply :  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care  
 Return to this, thy house of prayer :

Assembled in thy sacred Name,  
Here we thy parting promise claim.

- 4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

13

C. M.

**H**ARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long :  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes oppress'd with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy belovèd Name.

14

7s &amp; 6s.

- R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers !  
 And let your lights appear ;  
 The evening is advancing,  
 The darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is arising,  
 And soon will he draw nigh ;  
 Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
 At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,  
 Replenish them with oil ;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go meet him as he cometh,  
 With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 O wise and holy virgins,  
 Now raise your voices higher,  
 Till in your jubilations  
 Ye meet the angel choir.  
 The marriage-feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand ;  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory !  
 The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 4 Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear ;  
 Arise, thou Sun so look'd for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere !

With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of our redemption,  
 And ever be with thee !

15

8s &amp; 7s.

**H**AIL ! thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free :  
 From our sins and fears release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints, thou art ;  
 Long desired of every nation,  
 Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, yet God our King,  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

## THE ADVENT ANTHEMS.

16

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 16.—O Sapientia.*

**O** WISDOM ! spreading mightily  
 From out the mouth of God most high,  
 All nature sweetly ordering,  
 Within thy paths thy children bring.  
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
 In mercy save thine Israel.



17

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 17.—O Adonai.*

RULER of Israel, Lord of might,  
 Who gavest the law from Sinai's height ;  
 Once in the fiery bush reveal'd,  
 With outstretch'd arm thy chosen shield ;  
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
 In mercy save thine Israel.

18

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 18.—O Radix Jesse.*

O ROOT of Jesse ! Ensign thou !  
 To whom all Gentile kings shall bow,  
 From depths of hell thy people save,  
 And give them victory o'er the grave.  
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
 In mercy save thine Israel.

19

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 19.—O Clavis David.*

O ISRAEL'S Sceptre ! David's Key !  
 Come thou, and set death's captives free,  
 Unlock the gate that bars their road,  
 And lead them to the throne of God.  
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
 In mercy save thine Israel.

20

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 20.—O Oriens.*

O DAYSPRING and Eternal Light !  
 Pierce throughout the gloom of error's night ;  
 Predestined Sun of Righteousness !  
 Haste with thy rising beams to bless.



Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save thine Israel.

21

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 22.—O Rex Gentium.*

O KING! Desire of nations! come,  
Lead sons of earth to heaven's high home;  
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,  
Binding the sever'd into one.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save thine Israel.

22

SIX 8s.

*Dec. 23.—O Emmanuel.*

O LAWGIVER! Emmanuel! King!  
Thy praises we would ever sing;  
The Gentiles' hope, the Saviour blest,  
Take us to thine eternal rest.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save thine Israel.

## CHRISTMAS.

23

C. M.

Luke ii. 8-15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."

24

7s.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King ;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;  
God and sinners reconciled.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

- 4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see :  
 Hail th' incarnate Deity,  
 Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;  
 Jesus, our Immanuel.
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,  
 Light and life to all he brings ;  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

25

P. M.

*Chorus.*

**S**HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth !  
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon  
 earth :

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,  
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
 round ;  
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,  
 How his people with joy everlasting are  
 crown'd :

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;  
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;  
 One chorus resound through the earth and the  
 skies :

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

26

P. M.

“Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.”

- O** COME, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant ;  
 O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;  
 Come and behold him  
 Born, the King of angels :  
 O come, let us adore him,  
 O come, let us adore him,  
 O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

- 2 God of God,  
 Light of light,  
 Lo ! he abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
 Very God,  
 Begotten, not created :  
 O come, let us adore him, &c.

- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing in exultation,  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
 Glory to God  
 In the highest :  
 O come, let us adore him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,  
Born this happy morning ;  
Jesus, to thee be glory given ;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing :  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

27

8s &amp; 7s.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,  
Joyous seraphim reply,  
“Glory in the highest, glory !  
Glory be to God most high !

3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven !  
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.

4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed ;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing !  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;  
Learn his name to magnify,  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
Glory be to God most high !”

28

C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2-7.

TO hail thy rising, Sun of life,  
The gathering nations come ;  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.

- 2 For thou our burden hast removed ;  
Th' oppressor's reign is broke ;  
Thy fiery conflict with the foe  
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 3 To us the promised Child is born ;  
To us the Son is given ;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored ;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty God and Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know ;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

29

P. M.

COME hither, ye faithful,  
Triumphantly sing !  
Come, see in the manger  
The angels' dread King !  
To Bethlehem hasten  
With joyful accord !  
O come ye, come hither  
To worship the Lord !

2 True Son of the Father,  
 He comes from the skies ;  
 To be born of a Virgin  
 He doth not despise.  
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

3 Hark, hark to the angels !  
 All singing in heaven,  
 " To God in the highest  
 All glory be given !"  
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

4 To thee, then, O Jesus,  
 This day of thy birth,  
 Be glory and honour  
 Through heaven and earth ;  
 True Godhead Incarnate !  
 Omnipotent Word !  
 O come, let us hasten  
 To worship the Lord !

30

SIX 10s.

" Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;  
 With them the joyful tidings first begun  
 Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice : " Behold,  
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
 To you and all the nations upon earth :  
 This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word,  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."



- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
 And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang :  
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds  
 ran,  
 To see the wonders God had wrought for man :  
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
 And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn :  
 To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
 The first apostles of the Saviour's name.
- 5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;  
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
 From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;  
 Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,  
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
 To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng :  
 He that was born upon this joyful day  
 Around us all his glory shall display ;  
 Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing  
 Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

31

C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night  
 Come heaven's melodious strains,  
 Where wild Judea stretches far  
 Her silver-mantled plains.

- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
 Shed sacred glories there ;



- And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply ;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The Dayspring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King !"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
The Saviour now is born !  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

32

C. M. DOUBLE.

- IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold ;  
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King ;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world :

Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

- 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow!  
 Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing :  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

## 33

7s.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!  
 Name all other names above!  
 Unto which must every knee  
 Bow in deep humility.

- 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old :  
 To the maiden mother told,  
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
 By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
 To the fallen sons of earth,  
 For the promise that it gave—  
 "Jesus shall his people save."

- 4 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First he tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus ! only name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !  
Human name of God above ;  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to thee.
- 7 Glory to the Three in One  
While eternal ages run,  
Who from deepest shades of night  
Call'd us to his glorious light.

## NEW YEAR.

34

L. M.

THE God of life, whose constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
My scanty span doth still prolong,  
And wakes anew mine annual song.

- 2 Thy children, panting to be gone,  
May bid the tide of time roll on,  
To land them on that happy shore  
Where years and death are known no more.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues :

- 4 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected year ! begin ;  
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 To sleep in death, and rest with God.

35

EIGHT 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

36

C. M.

"Lord, thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another."

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

## CIRCUMCISION.

37

S. M.

"And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, his name was called Jesus."

THE ancient law departs  
And all its terrors cease ;

For Jesus makes with faithful hearts  
A covenant of peace.

- 2 The Light of light divine,  
True Brightness undefiled,  
He bears for us the shame of sin,  
A holy, spotless Child.
- 3 To-day the name is thine,  
At which we bend the knee ;  
They call thee Jesus, Child divine !  
Our Jesus deign to be.
- 4 All praise, eternal Son,  
For thy redeeming love,  
With Father, Spirit, ever One,  
In glorious might above.

## EPIPHANY.

38

C. M.

From the ii. Psalm.

THUS God declares his sovereign will :  
“The King that I ordain,  
Whose throne is fix’d on Sion’s hill,  
Shall there securely reign.”

- 2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare  
God’s uncontroll’d decree :  
“Thou art my Son, this day my heir  
Have I begotten thee.
- 3 “Ask, and receive thy full demands :  
Thine shall the heathen be ;  
The utmost limits of the lands  
Shall be possess’d by thee.”

39

7s &amp; 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
 Great David's greater Son !  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun !  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free,  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes with succour speedy  
 To those who suffer wrong,  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong ;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,  
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth ;  
 And love and joy, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth :  
 Before him, on the mountains,  
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
 And daily vows ascend ;  
 His kingdom, still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end :  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove ;  
 His name shall stand for ever ;  
 That Name to us is Love.



40

5s &amp; 6s.

From the lxxvi. Psalm.

THE Name of our God  
 In Israel is known ;  
 His mansion beloved  
 Is Sion alone :  
 There broke he the arrows  
 The enemy hurl'd,  
 And honour'd his mountain  
 Above all the world.

2 The pride of thy foes  
 Is turn'd to thy praise ;  
 Their fierceness o'erruled  
 Thy providence sways ;  
 Their sin overflowing  
 Thy power will restrain ;  
 Thy arm on the wicked  
 New glory will gain.

3 Ye nations, to God  
 Vow homage sincere ;  
 Devote to him gifts,  
 Love, worship, and fear ;  
 Before him, ye mighty,  
 Your spirits repress ;  
 Ye high and ye humble,  
 His wonders confess !

41

S. M.

Isaiah lii. 7-10.

HOW beauteous are their feet  
 Who stand on Sion's hill ;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal !



- 2 How charming is their voice :  
     How sweet their tidings are !—  
 “Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
     He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears  
     That hear this joyful sound,  
     Which kings and prophets waited for,  
     And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
     That see this heavenly light !  
     Prophets and kings desired it long,  
     But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
     And tuneful notes employ ;  
     Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
     And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
     Through all the earth abroad :  
     Let every nation now behold  
     Their Saviour and their God.

42

IOS.

Isaiah lx., etc.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,  
     rise ;

Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes :  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate  
kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

43

5s &amp; 6s.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- HOW wondrous and great  
Thy works, God of praise !  
How just, King of saints,  
And true are thy ways !  
O who shall not fear thee,  
And honour thy Name ?  
Thou only art holy,  
Thou only supreme.
- 2 To nations long dark  
Thy light shall be shown ;  
Their worship and vows  
Shall come to thy throne :  
Thy truth and thy judgments  
Shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's every people  
Confess thee their God.

44

C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns !  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

45

8s &amp; 7s.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Jesus, now thyself revealing,  
 Scatter every cloud beneath.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
 Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show thy power in every nation,  
 O thou Prince of peace and love !  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release :  
 By the presence of thy Spirit,  
 Guide us into perfect peace.

46

C. M.

From the lxxii. Psalm.

LO! hills and mountains shall bring forth  
The happy fruits of peace,  
Which all the land shall own to be  
The work of righteousness ;

- 2 While David's Son our needy race  
Shall rule with gentle sway ;  
And from their humble neck shall take  
Oppressive yokes away.
- 3 In every heart thy awful fear  
Shall then be rooted fast,  
As long as sun and moon endure,  
Or time itself shall last.
- 4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers  
The meadow's second birth ;  
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops  
Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 5 In his blest days the just and good  
Shall spring up all around :  
The happy land shall everywhere  
With endless peace abound.
- 6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall  
From sea to sea extend ;  
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,  
At nature's limits end.
- 7 To him the savage nations round  
Shall bow their servile heads ;  
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,  
Where he his conquest spreads.

- 8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles  
Shall costly presents bring ;  
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,  
And wealthy Saba's king.
- 9 To him shall every king on earth  
His humble homage pay ;  
And differing nations gladly join  
To own his righteous sway.
- 10 For he shall set the needy free,  
When they for succour cry ;  
Shall save the helpless and the poor,  
And all their wants supply.
- 11 For him shall constant prayer be made,  
Through all his prosperous days :  
His just dominion shall afford  
A lasting theme of praise.
- 12 The memory of his glorious Name  
Through endless years shall run ;  
His spotless fame shall shine as bright  
And lasting as the sun.
- 13 In him the nations of the world  
Shall be completely bless'd,  
And his unbounded happiness  
By every tongue confess'd.
- 14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
The God whom Israel fears ;  
Who only wondrous in his works,  
Beyond compare, appears.
- 15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,  
For ever bless his name ;  
Whilst to his praise the listening world  
Their glad assent proclaim.

47

EIGHT 7s.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar ;  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore :  
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah ! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies :  
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;  
 Sheathed his sword ; he speaks, 'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway ;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :  
 Then the end ; beneath his rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

48

EIGHT 7s.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?  
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveller! ages are its own;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God, is come.

49

P. M.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine,



Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

50

L. M.

O SAVIOUR, when thy beauteous feet  
Were heard in Salem's ancient street,  
Far rang the joyful tidings fleet,  
And Zion's song once more was sweet,  
Hosanna !

- 2 The sick came forth with tottering tread,  
Kind brethren bore the cripple's bed ;  
Some gentle hand the blind man led ;  
And loved ones called thee to their dead,  
Hosanna !
- 3 Still stood the maniac's quivering frame,  
Beside thy path lay down the lame ;  
Near and yet near the leper came ;  
Nor shrank the weeping child of shame ;  
Hosanna !
- 4 And all were heal'd ! they rose ; they ran ;  
They lived anew life's little span ;  
The life of heaven on earth began,  
And God and angels walk'd with man ;  
Hosanna !



- 5 Healer of souls, O heal thou me !  
 And ope mine eyes thy face to see !  
 And bend the grateful leper's knee ;  
 And let me live, and live for thee ;  
Hosanna !
- 6 Then I will journey on in light ;  
 And thy dear steps shall guide me right,  
 Till I shall trail my robes of white  
 On thy pure city's pavement bright ;  
Hosanna !

51

L. M.

- WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone of all the train  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark, hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks ;  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It is my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bids my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It leads me to the port of peace.
- 4 Then, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

## ASH WEDNESDAY AND LENT.

52

C. M.

"Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."

ONCE more the solemn season calls  
 A holy fast to keep ;  
 And now within the temple walls  
 Both priest and people weep.

- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,  
 And vain the form of prayer,  
 Unless the heart implore relief,  
 And penitence be there.
- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,  
 In vain in ashes mourn,  
 Unless with penitential pain  
 The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray  
 To our offended God,  
 From us to turn his wrath away,  
 And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign  
 To spare the bruised reed ;  
 We pray for time to turn again,  
 For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to thee we bow ;  
 Vouchsafe us in thy love  
 To gather from these fasts below  
 Immortal fruit above.

53

7s.

FORTY days and forty nights  
 Thou wast fasting in the wild ;

Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

- 2 Shall not we thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with thee to suffer pain?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine ;  
Holier gladness ours shall be ;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as minister'd to thee.
- 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by thy side ;  
That with thee we may appear  
At th' eternal Eastertide.

54

EIGHT 7s.

*Litany.*

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee,  
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
O, by all thy pains and woe,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
By thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,

By thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thy conflict with despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,  
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,  
By thy perfect sacrifice ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By thy power from death to save ;  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

## 55

## S. M.

From the vi. Psalm.

**I**N mercy, not in wrath,  
Rebuke me, gracious God !  
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,  
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touch'd by thy quickening power,  
My load of guilt I feel ;  
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,  
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,  
Must I for ever mourn ?

And wilt thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return?

- 4 O come, ere life expire,  
Send down thy power to save ;  
For who shall sing thy Name in death,  
Or praise thee in the grave?
- 5 Why should I doubt thy grace,  
Or yield to dread despair?  
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,  
And grant me all my prayer.

56

S. M.

From the li. Psalm.

**H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As thou wert ever kind ;  
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in thy sight,  
Have I transgress'd ; and, though condemn'd,  
Must own thy judgment right.
- 4 Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
That so the bones which thou hast broke  
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 5 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view :  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

- 6 Withdraw not thou thy help,  
 Nor cast me from thy sight ;  
 Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
 His everlasting flight.
- 7 The joy thy favour gives  
 Let me, O Lord, regain ;  
 And thy free Spirit's firm support  
 My fainting soul sustain.

57

S. M.

From the cxxx. Psalm.

- M**Y soul with patience waits  
 For thee, the living Lord ;  
 My hopes are on thy promise built,  
 Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out  
 For thy enlivening ray,  
 More duly than the morning watch  
 To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God,  
 No bounds his mercy knows ;  
 The plenteous source and spring from whence  
 Eternal succour flows ;
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us  
 Supplies in want convey ;  
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
 And wash our guilt away.

58

C. M.

From the xxxviii. Psalm.

- T**HY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
 Though I deserve it all ;  
 Nor let on me the heavy storm  
 Of thy displeasure fall.

- 2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,  
My sinking head o'erflow,  
And, for my feeble strength to bear,  
Too vast a burden grow.
- 3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes  
All my desires appear ;  
The groanings of my burden'd soul  
Have reach'd thine open ear.
- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,  
Nor far from me depart :  
Make haste to my relief, O thou  
Who my salvation art.

59

L. M.

From the cxxxix. Psalm.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceived by me.

- 2 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,  
What hiding-place does earth afford ?  
O where can I thy influence shun,  
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 3 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,  
If mischief lurk in any part ;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.



60

EIGHT 7s.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why:  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live:  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the works of his own hands:  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
 He who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love.  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 O, ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye for ever die?

61

7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
 Wisdom, if you still despise,  
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;



Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

62

7s.

Ephesians v. 14-17.

- **S**INNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
See the bright and living path :  
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay,  
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still ;  
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

63

C. M.

**A**S o'er the past my memory strays,  
Why heaves the secret sigh ?

'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,  
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;  
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,  
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my labouring breast ;  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,  
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;  
And when thy sure decree  
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
O speed my soul to thee.

64

L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

65

C. M.

O GRACIOUS God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid ;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

- 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.
- 4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

66

C. M.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word !

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return ;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine !  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore :

O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

67

L. M.

O THOU to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,  
O burst its bonds, and set it free.

- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,  
Bind my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.

68

7s &amp; 6s.

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!  
They take such hold on me,  
I am not able to look up,  
Save only, Christ, to thee;  
In thee is all forgiveness,  
In thee abundant grace,

- My shadow and my sunshine  
The brightness of thy face.
- 2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !  
How sad on thee they fall !  
Seen through thy gentle patience,  
I tenfold feel them all ;  
I know they are forgiven,  
But still, their pain to me  
Is all the grief and anguish  
They laid, my Lord, on thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !  
Their guilt I never knew  
Till, with thee, in the desert  
I near thy Passion drew ;  
Till, with thee, in the garden  
I heard thy pleading prayer,  
And saw the sweat-drops bloody  
That told thy sorrow there.
- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,  
E'en in this time of woe,  
Shall tell of all thy goodness  
To suffering man below ;  
Thy goodness and thy favour,  
Whose presence from above,  
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,  
That live in thee and love.

69

C. M.

“ A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.”

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosoms share  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts its goodness still  
That grants it or denies.
- 5 All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,  
While endless ages run.

70

THREE 7s.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By thy night of agony,  
By thy supplicating cry,  
By thy willingness to die,

- 5 By thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace  
Ere we shall behold thy face.

71

8s &amp; 10s.

"Whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."

O SHAME beyond the bitterest thought  
That evil spirit ever framed,  
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,  
Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed—  
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,  
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

- 2 Lord of my heart, by thy last cry,  
Let not thy blood on earth be spent ;  
Lo, at thy feet I fainting lie,  
Mine eyes upon thy wounds are bent ;  
Upon thy streaming wounds my weary eyes  
Wait like the parchèd earth on April skies.
- 3 Wash me, and dry these bitter tears ;  
O let my heart no further roam :  
'Tis thine by vows and hopes and fears  
Long since—O call thy wanderer home ;  
To that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,  
Where only broken hearts their sin may hide.

72

P. M.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep :  
Prone, like Peter, to deny,  
Like Peter, I would weep.



Let me be by grace restored ;  
 On me be all long-suffering shown ;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart ;  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

## 73

IOS.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins."

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,  
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,  
 But there no evil thing may find a home :  
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land ?  
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?  
 Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me  
 near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
 Evil is ever with me, day by day ;  
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
 "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
 His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
 And his the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.



- 5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden  
crown,  
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

74

6s &amp; 5s.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around ?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss ;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the holy Cross.

- 2 Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair ?  
"Always fast and vigil ?  
Always watch and prayer ?"  
Christian, answer boldly :  
"While I breathe I pray !"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.
- 3 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O my servant true ;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too ;

But that toil shall make thee  
 Some day all mine own,  
 And the end of sorrow  
 Shall be near my throne."

75

SIX 8s.

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear and bow me to the rod ;  
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn :  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace—  
 More full of grace than I of sin—  
 Yet once again I seek thy face :  
 Open thine arms and take me in ;  
 And freely my backsliding heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore :  
 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

76

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh  
 A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;  
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :  
 O God, be merciful to me.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
 With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd ;  
 Christ and his cross my only plea :  
 O God, be merciful to me.

- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;  
But thou dost all my anguish see :  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone ;  
To Calvary alone I flee :  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

## PALM SUNDAY AND PASSION WEEK.

77

8s &amp; 7s.

Isaiah lxiii. 1-4.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,  
All his raiment stained with blood,  
To the captive speaking freedom,  
Bringing and bestowing good ;  
Glorious in the garb he wears,  
Glorious in the spoil he bears?

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in his might ;  
'Tis the Saviour ; O how glorious,  
To his people, is the sight !  
Satan conquered, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?  
'Tis the blood of many slain ;  
Of his foes there's none remaining,  
None, the contest to maintain :

Fallen they are, no more to rise ;  
All their glory prostrate lies.

- 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever ;  
Wear the crown so dearly won ;  
Never shall thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what thou hast done ;  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;  
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

78

L. M.

"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying,  
Hosanna to the Son of David !"

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
The Father on his sapphire throne  
Awaits his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

79

7s &amp; 6s.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”

ALL glory, laud, and honour  
To thee, Redeemer, King !  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and Blessed One.  
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels  
Are praising thee on high,  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.  
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went :  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before thee we present.  
All glory, etc.

5 To thee before thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise ;  
To thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praise ;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.

## 80

8s &amp; 7s.

HAIL, thou once-despisèd Jesus ;  
Hail, thou Galilean King ;  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring !  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame ;  
By thy merit find we favour ;  
Life is given through thy Name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid ;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
Man is reconciled to God.
- 3 Jesus, low we bow before thee,  
Mediator glorified !  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side ;  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare ;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, never ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

81

P. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb !

O thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
 That thou hast died ;  
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
 Thee, thee alone my refuge make,  
 Thy piercèd side.

2 Behold the Lamb !

Archangels, fold your wings ;  
 Seraphs, hush all the strings  
 Of million lyres :  
 The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love  
 Unveil'd, enthroned, adored above,  
 All heaven admires !

3 Behold the Lamb !

Saints, who in blissful rest  
 Wait to be fully blest ;  
 O Lord, how long !  
 The Church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with fears,  
 Still in this vale of woe and tears,  
 Swell the full song.

4 Behold the Lamb !

Worthy is he alone  
 To sit upon the throne  
 Of God above !  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Paraclete in praise,  
 All light, all love !

82

L. M.

From the xl. Psalm.

I'VE learnt that thou hast not desired  
 Offerings and sacrifice alone ;



Nor blood of guiltless beasts required  
For man's transgression to atone.

- 2 I therefore come—come to fulfil  
The oracles thy books impart :  
'Tis my delight to do thy will ;  
Thy law is written in my heart.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

83

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

84

L. M.

St. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd ; so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died :  
'Tis finish'd : yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.



- 2 'Tis finish'd: all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd: Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore:  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd: this my dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone:  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd: heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:  
Peace, love, and happiness, again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd: let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round:  
'Tis finish'd: let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

85

SIX 7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete ;  
"It is finish'd !" hear him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

86

8s &amp; 7s.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I rest, for ever viewing  
Mercy pour'd in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
Whilst I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his languid eye.
- 4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on thee,  
Till I taste thy full salvation  
And thine unveil'd glory see.

87

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

"It is finished."

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder—

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !

“ It is finish'd ! ”

Hear the Saviour, dying, cry.

2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure

Do these precious words afford !

Heavenly blessings, without measure,

Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd !

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows

Of the ceremonial law ;

Finish'd, all that God had promised ;

Death and hell no more shall awe :

It is finish'd !

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;

Strike them to Emmanuel's name ;

All in earth, and all in heaven,

Join the triumph to proclaim.

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

**B**OUND upon th' accursèd tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?

By the eyes so pale and dim,

Streaming blood and writhing limb,

By the flesh with scourges torn,

By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierced,

By the baffled, burning thirst,

By the drooping, death-dew'd brow,

Son of man, 'tis thou ! 'tis thou !

- 2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
 Dread and woeful, who is he?  
 By the sun at noonday pale,  
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,  
 By the earth enwrapt in gloom,  
 By the saints who burst their tomb,  
 By the promise ere he died  
 To the felon at his side;  
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!  
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
 Faint and dying, who is he?  
 By the last and bitter cry  
 Of the dying agony,  
 By the lifeless body laid  
 In the chambers of the dead,  
 By the mourners bow'd to weep  
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep,  
 Crucified, we know thee now:  
 Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,  
 Dread and awful, who is he?  
 By the prayer for them that slew,  
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"  
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
 By the souls he died to save,  
 By the conquest he hath won,  
 By the saints before his throne,  
 By the rainbow round his brow,  
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

O SACRED head, now wounded!  
 With grief and shame weigh'd down!

- O sacred brow, surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown !  
O sacred head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine !  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 On me, as thou art dying,  
O turn thy pitying eye !  
To thee for mercy crying,  
Before thy cross I lie.  
Thy grief and thy compassion  
Were all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language shall I borrow  
To praise thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end ?  
O make me thine for ever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.
- 4 Be near when I am dying ;  
O show thy cross to me !  
And to my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From thine eyes shall not move ;  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely through thy love.

90

L. M.

"They crucified him."

O COME and mourn with me a while ;  
 O come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
 O come, together let us mourn ;  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
 Ah ! look how patiently he hangs ;  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times he spake, seven words of love ;  
 And all three hours his silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men ;  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;  
 So may the blood from out his side  
 Fall gently on us drop by drop ;  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
 Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
 Since thou for us art crucified.

## EASTER EVEN.

91

7s.

PAIN and toil are over now ;  
 Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,  
 Fold the limb and bind the brow,  
 In the rich man's sepulchre.

- 2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel ;  
 Roll the stone and guard it well ;  
 Bring the Roman's boasted seal,  
 Bring his boldest sentinel.

- 3 Yet the morning's purple ray  
 Shall present a glorious sight,  
 Stone by earthquake roll'd away,  
 Angel guards all robed in white.

92

C. M.

From the xvi. Psalm.

MY grateful soul shall bless the Lord,  
 Whose precepts give me light ;  
 And private counsel still afford  
 In sorrow's dismal night.

- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
 My glory does rejoice ;  
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
 Waked by his powerful voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,  
 My soul from hell shalt free ;  
 Nor let thy Holy One in death  
 The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display  
 Which to thy presence lead ;  
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
 And joys that never fade.

93

I IS.

"I would not live alway."—JOB vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way ;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
 cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
 Temptation without and corruption within :



E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb :  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom ;

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God ;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;

- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to  
greet ;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul.

94

P. M.

THY bitter anguish o'er,  
To this dark tomb they bore  
Thee, Life of life—thee, Lord of all creation !  
The hollow rocky cave  
Must serve thee for a grave,  
Who wast thyself the rock of our salvation !

2 O Prince of Life ! I know  
That when I too lie low,  
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken :  
Wherefore I will not shrink  
From the grave's awful brink ;  
The heart that trusts in thee shall ne'er be shaken.



3 To me the darksome tomb  
 Is but a narrow room,  
 Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.  
 Thy death shall give me power  
 To cry in that dark hour,  
 O Death ! O Grave ! where is your victory ?

4 My Jesus, day by day  
 Help me to watch and pray  
 Beside the tomb where in my heart thou'rt laid.  
 Thy bitter death shall be  
 My constant memory,  
 My guide at last into death's awful shade.

95

L. M.

From the lxxxviii. Psalm.

GOD of my life, O Lord most high,  
 To thee by day and night I cry ;  
 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,  
 To my distress incline thine ear.

2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,  
 They number me among the dead ;  
 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,  
 From thee no more remembrance have.

3 Wilt thou by miracle revive  
 The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?  
 Shall the mute grave thy love confess,  
 A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness ?

4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,  
 My prayer prevents the early morn :  
 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,  
 Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look ?

5 Companions dear and friends beloved  
 Far from my sight thou hast removed :

God of my life, O Lord most high,  
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry !

96

SIX 7s.

“And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre.”

RESTING from his work to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;  
Still he slept, from head to feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

- 2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene ;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend :  
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalmèd cell  
None but thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering ;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around ;  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

97

L. M.

THIS life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go

Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?

- 2 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sense no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

98

8s &amp; 7s.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,  
My last sad journey taken,  
Do thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand,  
Let me not be forsaken.  
O Lord, my spirit I resign  
Into thy loving hands divine ;  
'Tis safe within thy keeping.

- 2 Countless as sands upon the shore,  
My sins may then appall me ;  
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,  
Despair shall not enthrall me :  
For as I draw my latest breath,  
I'll think, Lord Christ, upon thy death,  
And there find consolation.
- 3 I shall not in the grave remain,  
Since thou death's bonds hast sever'd ;  
But hope with thee to rise again,  
From fear of death deliver'd,  
For where thou art, there I shall be,  
That I may ever live with thee :  
This is my joy in dying.

- 4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,  
My longing arms extending ;  
So fall asleep in slumber deep—  
Slumber that knows no ending,  
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on  
To heaven, to life eternal.

99

S. M.

"It is not death to die.

- IT is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimm'd by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear  
The wretch that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life !  
Thy chosen cannot die ;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with thee on high.

100

8s &amp; 6s.

TO him who for our sins was slain,  
 To him for all his dying pain,  
 Sing we alleluia !

To him the Lamb our Sacrifice,  
 Who gave his soul our ransom-price,  
 Sing we alleluia !

- 2 To him who died that we might die  
 To sin, and live with him on high,  
 Sing we alleluia !  
 To him who rose that we might rise,  
 And reign with him beyond the skies,  
 Sing we alleluia !

- 3 To him who now for us doth plead,  
 And helpeth us in all our need,  
 Sing we alleluia !  
 To him who doth prepare on high  
 Our home in immortality,  
 Sing we alleluia !

- 4 To him be glory evermore :  
 Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore ;  
 Sing we alleluia !  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
 Sing we alleluia !

EASTER.

101

7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
 Sons of men and angels say :  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won :  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

102

C. M.

From the cxviii. Psalm.

- JOY fills the dwelling of the just,  
Whom God has saved from harm ;  
For wondrous things are brought to pass  
By his almighty arm.
- 2 Then open wide the temple gates  
To which the just repair,  
That I may enter in, and praise  
My great Deliverer there.
  - 3 That which the builders once refused,  
Is now the Corner-stone :  
This is the wondrous work of God,  
The work of God alone.
  - 4 This day is God's ; let all the lands  
Exalt their cheerful voice :  
" Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
And make us still rejoice."
  - 5 O then with me give thanks to God,  
Who still does gracious prove ;  
And let the tribute of our praise  
Be endless as his love.

103

8s &amp; 6s.

"The First-begotten of the dead."

COME see the place where Jesus lay,  
 And hear angelic watchers say,  
 "He lives, who once was slain :  
 Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?  
 Remember how the Saviour said  
 That he would rise again."

- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,  
 When by his own almighty power  
 He rose, and left the grave !  
 Now let our songs his triumph tell,  
 Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
 And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,  
 For us he rose, our glorious Head,  
 Immortal life to bring ;  
 What though the saints like him shall die,  
 They share their Leader's victory,  
 And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,  
 For Jesus will their spirits save,  
 And raise their slumbering dust :  
 O risen Lord, in thee we live,  
 To thee our ransom'd souls we give,  
 To thee our bodies trust.

104

7s.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holiday ;  
 Who did once upon the cross  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.  
 Hallelujah !



- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

- 3 But the pains which he endured  
 Our salvation have procured ;  
 Now above the sky he's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing,

Hallelujah !

105

8s & 7s.

HE is risen, he is risen !  
 Tell it with a joyful voice,  
 He has burst his three days' prison,  
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;  
 Death is vanquish'd, man is free,  
 Christ has won the victory.

- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping  
 Over deeds in darkness done,  
 Weary fast and vigil keeping ;  
 Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;  
 Christ has borne our sins away,  
 Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.
- 3 He is risen, he is risen !  
 He has oped the eternal gate ;  
 We are loosed from sin's dark prison,  
 Risen to a holier state,  
 Where a brightening Easter beam  
 On our longing eye shall stream.



106

P. M.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!  
 Death, yield up the mighty prey!  
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; angels, raise  
 Your eternal song of praise ;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Glory as of old to thee,  
 Now and evermore, shall be.

Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

107

7s &amp; 6s.

THE day of resurrection !  
 Earth, tell it out abroad !  
 The passover of gladness,  
 The passover of God !  
 From death to life eternal,  
 From this world to the sky,  
 Our Christ hath brought us over,  
 With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection light ;

And, listening to his accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful!  
 Let earth her song begin!  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein!  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend,  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
 Our Joy that hath no end.

## 108

P. M.

- LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
 For Jesus hath risen, that man may not die.  
 Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,  
 And short the dominion of death and the  
 grave;  
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound  
 him,  
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save.  
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,  
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!  
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;  
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
 If tears were our birthright, and death were  
 our end;  
 But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,  
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
 Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

109

SIX 7s.

ONCE the angel started back,  
 When he saw the blood-stain'd door,  
 Pausing on his vengeful track,  
 And the dwelling passing o'er.  
 Once the sea from Israel fled,  
 Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our Passover is come,  
 Dimly shadow'd in time past,  
 And the very Paschal Lamb,  
 Christ the Lord, is slain at last.  
 Then, with hearts and hands made meet,  
 Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,  
 Whom all angel hosts obey,  
 To whose will all earth is given,  
 At whose word hell shrinks away,  
 Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,  
 Thou hast brought us light and life.

110

EIGHT 7s.

"Sing ye to the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously."

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing  
 Praise to our victorious King,  
 Who hath wash'd us in the tide  
 Flowing from his piercèd side;  
 Praise we him, whose love divine  
 Gives his sacred blood for wine,  
 Gives his body for the feast,  
 Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is pour'd,  
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;

Israel's hosts triumphant go  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we manna from above.

- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky !  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie ;  
 Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,  
 Thou hast brought us life and light :  
 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthrall ;  
 Thou hast opened paradise,  
 And in thee thy saints shall rise.

- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
 Sin alone can this destroy ;  
 From sin's power do thou set free  
 Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.  
 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
 Risen Lord, to thee we raise ;  
 Holy Father, praise to thee,  
 With the Spirit, ever be.

111

P. M.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for he hath done marvellous things."

*Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;  
 The triumph of the Lord is won ;  
 O let the song of praise be sung.

*Alleluia !*

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
 And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ;  
 Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.  
*Alleluia !*

- 3 On that third morn he rose again,  
 In glorious majesty to reign ;  
 O let us swell the joyful strain.  
Alleluia !
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;  
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;  
 Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.  
Alleluia !
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
 From death's dread sting thy servants free,  
 That we may live, and sing to thee,  
Alleluia !

## ASCENSION.

112

L. M.

- T**HE rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the tyrant death in chains.
- 3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,  
 Born to redeem, instruct and save !"  
 Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting ?  
 And where thy victory, O grave ?"

113

C. M.

From the xiv. Psalm.

**E**RECT your heads, eternal gates,  
 Unfold, to entertain  
 The King of glory ! see ! he comes  
 With his celestial train.

- 2 Who is the King of glory? who?  
 The Lord for strength renown'd;  
 In battle mighty; o'er his foes  
 Eternal victor crown'd.
- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold,  
 In state to entertain  
 The King of glory! see, he comes  
 With all his shining train.
- 4 Who is the King of glory? who?  
 The Lord of hosts renown'd;  
 Of glory he alone is King,  
 Who is with glory crown'd.

## 114

L. M.

From the lxviii. Psalm.

- THE servants of Jehovah's will  
 His favour's gentle beams enjoy;  
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,  
 And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
- 2 To him your voice in anthems raise,  
 Jehovah's awful name he bears;  
 In him rejoice, extol his praise,  
 Who rides upon high-rolling-spheres.
- 3 His chariots numberless, his powers  
 Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;  
 His presence now fills Sion's towers,  
 As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
- 4 Ascending high, in triumph thou  
 Captivity hast captive led,  
 And on thy people didst bestow  
 Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

115

L. M.

From the xlvii. Psalm.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,  
And with triumphant voices sing;  
No force the mighty power withstands  
Of God the universal King.

- 2 He shall assaulting foes repel,  
And with success our battles fight;  
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,  
The pride of Jacob, his delight.
- 3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;  
To him repeated praises sing,  
And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,  
For him who all the world commands;  
Who sits upon his righteous throne,  
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

116

C. M.

FORTH flames the standard of our King,  
Bright gleams the mystic sign,  
When life bore death of suffering,  
And death wrought life divine.

- 2 The stabs of the accursèd spear  
Brought forth the healing flood,  
To cleanse sin's stains, so dark and drear,  
With water and with blood.
- 3 Fulfill'd is each prophetic word,  
Each faith-inspiring strain,  
Telling the nations of that Lord  
Who by the cross should reign.



- 4 Hail, Cross of Christ ! man's only hope ;  
While now we gaze and pray,  
Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,  
And wash our sins away.

117

L. M.

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as his right ;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"  
The Lord of boundless power possess'd  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever bless'd.



118

S. M. DOUBLE.

"Who is gone into heaven."

THOU art gone up on high,  
 To realms beyond the skies ;  
 And round thy throne unceasingly  
 The songs of praise arise :  
 But we are lingering here,  
 With sin and care oppress'd ;  
 Lord, send thy promised Comforter,  
 And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But thou didst first come down,  
 Through earth's most bitter misery,  
 To pass unto thy crown ;  
 And girt with griefs and fears  
 Our onward course must be ;  
 But only let this path of tears  
 Lead us at last to thee.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in thy train.  
 Lord, by thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand in that dread hour  
 At thy right hand on high.

119

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
 Amid his Father's throne ;  
 Prepare new honours for his Name,  
 And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
 The Church adore around,

- With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless honour paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on his head.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoner free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy power ;  
Then hasten time's delaying pace,  
And bring the promised hour.

120

L. M.

- S**TAND up, my soul, thy fears dismiss,  
And gird the gospel armour on ;  
March to the gates of endless bliss,  
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins thy foes may be,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the tree,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy and palms are won,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 A starry crown shall be my prize,  
Triumphant through Almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

121

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

LOOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;  
 See the Man of sorrows now ;  
 From the fight return'd victorious,  
 Every knee to him shall bow ;  
     Crown him ;  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him ;  
     Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
 On the seat of power enthrone him,  
     While the heavenly concert rings :  
     Crown him ;  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,  
     Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
 Saints and angels bend around him,  
     Own his title, praise his Name :  
     Crown him ;  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
     Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !  
 Lamb of God, our strong salvation,  
     O what joy the sight affords !  
     Crown him ;  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

122

6s &amp; 4s.

TH' atoning work is done,  
 The Victim's blood is shed,  
 And Jesus now is gone  
     His people's cause to plead ;  
 He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,  
 He bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkles with his blood  
 The mercy-seat above ;  
 For Justice had withstood  
 The purposes of love ;  
 But Justice now withstands no more,  
 And Mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,  
 His place of service is ;  
 In heaven itself he stands,  
 A heavenly priesthood his.  
 In him the shadows of the law  
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though a while he be  
 Hid from the eyes of men,  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High Priest again ;  
 In brightest glory he will come,  
 And take his waiting people home.

## 123

6s &amp; 8s.

CROWN him with many crowns,  
 The Lamb upon his throne ;  
 Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 All music but its own !

2 Awake, my soul, and sing  
 Of him who died for thee ;  
 And hail him as thy matchless King  
 Through all eternity.

3 Crown him the Virgin's Son !  
 The God incarnate born,  
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
 Which now his brow adorn.

- 4 Fruit of the Mystic Rose,  
True Branch of Jesse's stem,  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem !
- 5 Crown him the Lord of love !  
Behold his hands and side,—  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified :
- 6 No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.
- 7 Crown him the Lord of peace !  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.
- 8 His reign shall know no end ;  
And round his piercèd feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 9 Crown him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime :
- 10 Glass'd in a sea of light,  
Whose everlasting waves  
Reflect his form—the Infinite !  
Who lives, and loves, and saves !
- 11 Crown him the Lord of heaven !  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit, through him given  
From yonder Triune throne !

- 12 All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
 For thou hast died for me :  
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
 Throughout eternity.

124

P. M.

PART I.

- WHO is this that comes in glory, with the  
 trump of jubilee?  
 Lord of battles, God of armies, he has gain'd  
 the victory !  
 He who on the cross has suffer'd, he who from  
 the grave arose,  
 He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, he by death  
 has spoil'd his foes.
- 2 Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with his blood,  
 within the veil ;  
 Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings  
 before him quail :  
 Now he plants the tribe of Israel in that prom-  
 ised resting-place,  
 Now our great Elijah offers double portion of  
 his grace.
- 3 Thou hast raised our human nature to thy seat  
 at God's right hand,  
 Here we sit in heavenly places, there with thee  
 in glory stand ;  
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels ; man with God  
 is on the throne ;  
 Mighty Lord, in thine ascension, we by faith  
 behold our own.
- 4 Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings  
 of faith and love,  
 Gales of holy aspiration, wafting us to realms  
 above,

That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with  
Christ our Lord may dwell,  
Where he sits enthroned in glory, in his heav-  
enly citadel !

- 5 Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God  
the Son,  
Dying, risen, ascending for us, who the heav-  
enly realm has won ;  
Glory to the Holy Spirit, in substance One, in  
Person Three ;  
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless  
glory, be.

## PART II.

HOLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed thy beams  
upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see  
beyond the skies,  
Where the Son of man in glory standing is at  
God's right hand,  
Beckoning on his martyr army, succouring his  
faithful band.

- 2 See him who is gone before us, heavenly man-  
sions to prepare ;  
See him who is ever pleading for us with pre-  
vailing prayer ;  
See him who, with sound of trumpet and with  
his angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment, on the  
clouds will come again.
- 3 So at last, when he appeareth, we from out our  
graves may spring,  
With our youth renew'd like eagles, flocking  
round our heavenly King ;



And, caught up in clouds of heaven, we may  
meet him in the air,  
Rise to realms where he is reigning, and may  
reign for ever there.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

125

C. M.

- COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come  
Inspire these souls of thine ;  
Till every heart which thou hast made  
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love ;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st  
God's law in each true heart ;  
The promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace ;  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within ;  
That, by thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.



126

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers ;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys :  
 Our souls, how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise :  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

127

S. M.

Rev. xxii. 17-20.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
 Is whispering, Sinner, come :  
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
 To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth, say  
 To all about him, Come :  
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 O let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life :  
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, I quickly come.  
 Lord ! even so ; I wait thy hour :  
 Jesus, my Saviour, come.

128

L. M.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God,  
 In all thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
 To preach the reconciling word ;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
 Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the Cross record ;  
 The Name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every people call him Lord.

129

S. M.

- L** ORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all thy power ;  
 We meet with one accord  
 In our appointed place,  
 And wait the promise of our Lord,  
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty, rushing wind  
 Upon the waves beneath,

Move with one impulse every mind,  
 One soul, one feeling breathe :  
 The young, the old, inspire  
 With wisdom from above ;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
 To pray and praise and love.

- 3 Spirit of light, explore,  
 And chase our gloom away,  
 With lustre shining more and more  
 Unto the perfect day :  
 Spirit of truth, be thou  
 In life and death our guide ;  
 O Spirit of adoption, now  
 May we be sanctified.

130

L. M.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,  
 O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way ;  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
 Nor let us from his precepts stray ;  
 Lead us to holiness, the road  
 That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
 Fulness of joy for ever there :  
 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 To be with him for ever blest.

## 131

L. M.

“And the same day there were added unto them three thousand souls.”

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
O shed thine influence from above ;  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung :  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;  
Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

4 O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;  
Thy grace devoutly we implore,  
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

## 132

P. M.

“If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you ; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.”

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are his alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see :  
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier thee.
- 6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;  
Blest Spirit, praise to thee ;  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three.

133

S. M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Our minds from bondage free ;

Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and thee.

134

C. M.

- WHEN God of old came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath he came ;  
Before his feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame ;
- 2 But when he came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;
- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down his flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around ;  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.
- 7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
Open our ears to hear ;  
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

135

SIX 8s.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every humble mind ;  
 Come, pour thy joys on human-kind ;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

- 2 O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete,  
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;  
 Make us eternal truth receive,  
 And practise all that we believe ;  
 Give us thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son by thee.
- 4 Immortal honor, endless fame,  
 Attend the almighty Father's Name ;  
 The Saviour Son be glorified,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

136

P. M.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire ;  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart :



- 2 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight :
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of thy grace ;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And thee, of both, to be but One ;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song :  
Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

137

L. M.

- O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,  
For ever be thy Name adored,  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God Triune, to thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song ;  
And ever may thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.



138

L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound  
 A ransom for our souls hath found,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

139

6s &amp; 4s.

WE give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And all our hopes above :  
 He sent his own  
 Eternal Son  
 To die for sins  
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who saved us by his blood  
 From everlasting woe :

And now he lives,  
 And now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit  
 Of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit praise  
 And endless worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live :  
 His work completes  
 The great design,  
 And fills the soul  
 With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God, to thee  
 Be endless honours done ;  
 The sacred Persons Three,  
 The Godhead only One ;  
 Where reason fails  
 With all her powers,  
 There faith prevails,  
 And love adores.

140

P. M.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

**H**OLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise  
 to thee :

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !  
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! All the saints adore thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the  
 glassy sea ;  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
 thee,  
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
 Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth,  
 and sky, and sea :  
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

141

P. M.

- THOU, whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight!  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the gospel day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light!
- 2 Thou who didst come to bring  
 On thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Light to the spirit-blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 Let there be light!
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth thy flight!  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Spreading the beams of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light!

- 4 Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, love, and light !  
Through the world far and wide,  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Let there be light !

142

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

- HOLY Father, great Creator,  
Source of mercy, love, and peace,  
Look upon the Mediator,  
Clothe us with his righteousness ;  
Heavenly Father,  
Through the Saviour hear and bless.
- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
While we hear thy wondrous story,  
Meet and worship in thy name,  
Dear Redeemer,  
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
Come with unction from above,  
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
Fill them with the Saviour's love !  
Source of comfort,  
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.
- 4 God the Lord, through every nation  
Let thy wondrous mercies shine !  
In the song of thy salvation  
Every tongue and race combine !  
Great Jehovah,  
Form our hearts and make them thine.

143

DOUBLE 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord  
 God of hosts, when heaven and earth,  
 Out of darkness, at thy word,  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All thy works before thee stood,  
 And thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sang with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;  
 Lightly by the world esteem'd,  
 From that world by thee redeem'd,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! All  
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,  
 When the ransom'd nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King :  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Round the throne with full accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

144

6s, 8s, &amp; 4s.

THE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above ;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love ;  
 Jehovah, great I AM,  
 By earth and heaven confess'd ;

- I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,  
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace ;  
On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom he maintains,  
And, glorious with his saints in light,  
For ever reigns.
- 5 The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing ;  
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
"Almighty King,  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be ;  
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,  
We worship thee."

- 6 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
“ Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,”  
They ever cry :  
Hail, Abraham’s God and mine,  
I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

145

SIX 7s.

- HOLY, holy, holy, Lord  
God of hosts, eternal King,  
By the heavens and earth adored ;  
Angels and archangels sing,  
Chanting everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.
- 2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,  
Spirits blest, before thy throne,  
Speeding thence at thy command ;  
And when thy command is done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.
- 3 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings ;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.
- 4 The apostles, prophets, thee,  
Thee, the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee ;  
Thee the Church in every land ;  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.



- 5 Alleluia ! Lord, to thee,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Join we with the heavenly host,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

## THE LORD'S DAY.

146

S. M.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise ;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near  
 To feast his saints to-day ;  
 Here may we sit, and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
 Where Jesus is within,  
 Is better than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 Till it is call'd to soar away  
 To everlasting bliss.

147

SIX 8s.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine  
 Demands the sôul's collected powers :  
 Gladly we now to thee resign  
 These solemn, consecrated hours :  
 O may our souls adoring own  
 The grace that calls us to thy throne !

- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
 Can every secret thought explore ;  
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
 And where thou art intrude no more :  
 O may thy grace our spirits move,  
 And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
 And bid thy word, with life divine,  
 Engage the ear and warm the heart :  
 Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
 Then shall our souls adoring own  
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

148

L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
 Another Lord's day has begun ;  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

- 2 This day may our devotion rise  
 As grateful incense to the skies ;  
 And heaven that sweet repose bestow  
 Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast  
 Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,  
 Which for the Church of God remains,  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,  
 In holy pleasures pass away :  
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

149

6s &amp; 8s.

A WAKE, ye saints, awake,  
 And hail this sacred day ;

In loftiest songs of praise  
 Your joyful homage pay :  
 Welcome the day that God hath blest,  
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn  
 The Lord of life arose ;  
 He burst the bars of death,  
 And vanquish'd all our foes :  
 And now he pleads our cause above,  
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Heaven with hosannas rings,  
 And earth, in humbler strains,  
 Thy praise responsive sings :  
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
 Ascend thy conquering car ;  
 While justice, truth, and love  
 Maintain thy glorious war :  
 This day let sinners own thy sway,  
 And rebels cast their arms away.

150

6s &amp; 8s.

**I**N loud exalted strains,  
 The King of glory praise ;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 But Sion, with his presence blest,  
 Is his delight, his chosen rest.

- 2 O King of glory, come ;  
 And with thy favour crown  
 This temple as thy home,  
 This people as thy own ;

. Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries ;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies :  
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above :  
Till all who humbly seek thy face  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

151

L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;  
Let my religious hours alone :  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
To cheer me in this barren land ;  
And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.

152

L. M.

MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.

- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest ;  
Eternal King ! erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away ;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

153

7s.

TO thy temple-I repair ;  
Lord, I love to worship there ;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy Name,

Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.

- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
“I have walk’d with God to-day.”

154

L. M.

From the xliii. Psalm.

LET me with light and truth be bless’d;  
Be these my guides to lead the way,  
Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
And in thy sacred temple pray.

- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God, who is my only joy;  
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why  
So much oppress’d with anxious care?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruin’d state repair.

155

C. M.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye;

- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father’s throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;

Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of truth and grace,  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

## 156

108.

From the xlii. Psalm.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,  
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my sadden-  
ing soul?  
Why droop to earth, with various woes op-  
press'd?

My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,  
And peace yet be an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious  
day ;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove ;  
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid :  
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.



157

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;  
His works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep his counsels, how divine!
- 4 O I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

158

C. M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt  
A guilty world in gloom!  
O what a sun which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb!

- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind our Lord in death ;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies ;  
Broken beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand voices join  
To hail this happy morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
On nations yet unborn.

159

C. M.

- B**LEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,  
The first, the best of days ;  
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.
  - 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;  
And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.
  - 4 This day I must with God appear ;  
For, Lord, the day is thine ;

Help me to spend it in thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

160

7s &amp; 6s.

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful and bright !  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,  
To the great Three in One.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth ;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth ;  
On thee, our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven,  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.

- 3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls ;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

- 4 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest ;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son ;

The Church her voice upraises  
To thee, blest Three in One.

161

7s.

NOW may he who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep !

2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight ;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God !

## AT THE END OF SERVICE.

162

10s.

"The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace."

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night,

Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;  
From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

3 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,

Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

## AFTER SERMON.

L. M.

163

ALMIGHTY FATHER, bless the word,  
Which through thy grace, we now have  
heard ;

O may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

164

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

165

8s &amp; 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,

With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above !

- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

166

L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

## EMBER DAYS.

167

S. M.

L ORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry ;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.

- 2 On thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in thy view ;  
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
The labourers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more  
Into thy Church abroad,  
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,  
And make them strong for God.

- 4 O let them spread thy Name,  
 Their mission fully prove ;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thine all-redeeming love.

168

6s, 8s, &amp; 6.

“Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.”

**Y**E servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office, wait,  
 Observant of his heavenly word,  
 And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
 For awful is his Name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,  
 And while we speak he's near ;  
 Mark the first signal of his hand,  
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
 In such a posture found ;  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 All glory, Lord, to thee,  
 Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God for evermore.



## ROGATION DAYS.

169

C. M.

*Monday.*

"The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord; and thou givest them their meat in due season."

L ORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,  
And thou hast sworn to hear;  
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year.

- 2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth  
By sun and moon below,  
A place in thy new heavens and earth,  
Where richer harvests grow.

170

C. M.

*Tuesday.*

L ORD, spare and save our sinful race  
From death in direst form;  
From pestilence that flies apace,  
From earthquake, fire, and storm.

- 2 Let every land bemoan its sin,  
That wars and crimes may cease;  
And may thy pardoning grace bring in  
Sweet times of health and peace.

171

C. M.

*Wednesday.*

G REAT is our guilt, our fears are great;  
But naught shall prompt despair,  
While open is the mercy-seat  
To penitence and prayer.

- 2 Kind Intercessor! to thy love  
This blest resource we owe:

Thy merits plead for us above,  
While we implore below.

- 3 Father, though justice near thy throne  
Awaits thy dread command,  
O hear thy servants, hear thy Son,  
And save a guilty land.

## OTHER HOLY DAYS.

172

7s &amp; 6s.

FROM all thy saints in warfare, for all thy  
saints at rest,  
To thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be address'd.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle, that they  
might conquerors be ;  
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays  
from thee.

*[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be  
celebrated.]*

## SAINT ANDREW.

- 2 Praise, Lord, for thine apostle, the first to wel-  
come thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to  
see.  
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we  
throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine ad-  
vent near.

## SAINT THOMAS.

- 3 All praise for thine apostle, whose short-lived  
doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy  
love.

On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy  
peace, O Lord,  
And grant us faith to know thee, true man, true  
God, adored.

## SAINT STEPHEN.

- 4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw thee  
ready stand  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's  
right hand.  
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our  
Lord to own,  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the  
martyr crown.

## SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

- 5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos'  
shore ;  
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead  
bore ;  
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us  
reveal'd.  
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect  
be seal'd.

## THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

- 6 Praise for thine infant martyrs, by thee with  
tenderest love  
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest  
above.  
O Rachel ! cease thy weeping, they rest from  
pains and cares.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns  
as bright as theirs.

## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the  
voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor  
saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-  
day :  
So lighten all our darkness with thy true  
Spirit's ray.

## SAINT MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, thine abiding presence directs the won-  
drous choice ;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now re-  
joice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore  
defend,  
And by thy parting promise be with her to  
the end.

## SAINT MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by  
grace made strong,  
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our  
triumph-song.  
May we in all our weakness find strength from  
thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the vine,  
abide.

## SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

- 10 All praise for thine apostle, bless'd guide to  
Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed thy brother ; keep us thy  
brethren true,

And grant the grace to know thee, the Way, the  
Truth, the Life ;  
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the  
strife.

## SAINT BARNABAS.

- 11 The son of consolation, moved by thy law of  
love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from  
above.  
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of  
grace descend,  
That thy true consolations may through the  
world extend.

## SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of  
the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawn-  
ing ray.  
Make us the rather blessed, who love thy glori-  
ous day.

## SAINT PETER.

- 13 Praise for thy great apostle, the eager and the  
bold ;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to  
keep thy fold.  
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their  
flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble,  
earnest will.

## SAINT JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain  
by Herod's sword,  
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus  
thy word.  
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd  
decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer  
thee.

## SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for thine apostle, the faithful, pure,  
and true,  
Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-see-  
ing knew.  
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites  
indeed,  
That thy abiding presence our longing souls  
may feed.

## SAINT MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human  
life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suf-  
fering shared.  
From all unrighteous mammon O give us  
hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and  
follow thee.

## SAINT LUKE.

- 17 For that beloved physician, all praise, whose  
Gospel shows  
The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our  
woes.

Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised  
 hearts deign to pour,  
 And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-  
 more.

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for thine apostles, who seal'd  
 their faith to-day :  
 One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the  
 sacred way.  
 May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ  
 maintain,  
 And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy  
 rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred  
 throng,  
 Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the  
 ceaseless song ;  
 For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee  
 adore,  
 And, walking in their footsteps, would serve  
 thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise  
 we God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in  
 One ;  
 Till all the ransom'd number fall down before  
 the throne,  
 And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God  
 alone.

173

C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain ;



His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in his train ?

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
And triumph over pain,  
Who patient bear his cross below—  
He follows in his train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on him to save :
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came :  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame :
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :  
Who follows in their train ?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd :
- 8 They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain :  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

174

10s &amp; 6s.

- THEE for thine angel host, O Lord, we praise,  
 Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,  
 Who, 'mid thy glory's blaze,  
 Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,  
 And gird thy throne in faithful ministry.
- 2 We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing  
 Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,  
 The mercies of their King  
 To mortal saints to bring,  
 Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.
- 3 But thee, the First and Last, we glorify;  
 Who, when the world was sunk in death and  
 sin,  
 Not with thine hosts on high,  
 The armies of the sky,  
 But didst with thine own arm the battle win;
- 4 Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,  
 Alone didst tread the winepress; and alone,  
 All glorious in thy gore,  
 Didst light and life restore  
 For us who lay in darkness and undone!
- 5 Therefore, with angels and archangels, we  
 To thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,  
 And tune our songs to thee,  
 Who art, and art to be;  
 And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise.

## PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

175

6s &amp; 8s.

"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."—  
 HAG. ii. 9.

BEHOLD a humble train  
 The courts of God draw near;

A Virgin Mother and her babe  
Before the Lord appear.

2 O wondrous, blessed sight !  
To faithful eyes made known,  
That lowly babe—the mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines  
With glory far more bright  
Than e'er the former temple saw,  
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,  
The symbol of the Lord ;  
But here the Lord himself appears,  
The true, incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more  
With pow'r and grace divine ;  
Our hearts thy living temples make,  
Wholly and ever thine.

176

L. M.

## HOLY INNOCENTS.

“ If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.”

O LORD, the Holy Innocents  
Laid down for thee their infant life,  
And martyrs brave and patient saints  
Have stood for thee in fire and strife.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old,  
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make ;  
We need not die ; we cannot fight ;  
What may we do for Jesus' sake ?

3 O day by day each Christian child  
Has much to do, without, within ;

- A death to die for Jesus' sake,  
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 4 When deep within our swelling hearts,  
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
When bitter words are on our tongues,  
And tears of passion in our eyes;
- 5 Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Then we may check the hasty word,  
Give gentle answers back again,  
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,  
Light in our dwellings we may make,  
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,  
And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 7 There's not a child so small and weak  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise,  
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

177

6s &amp; 8s.

"They are without fault before the throne of God."

- G**LORY to thee, O Lord,  
Who, from this world of sin,  
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.
- 2 Glory to thee for all  
The ransom'd infant band  
Who since that hour have heard thy call,  
And reach'd the quiet land.
- 3 O that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
O that, as free from deeds of sin,  
We shrank not from thy sight.

- 4 Lord, help us every hour  
 Thy cleansing grace to claim ;  
 In life to glorify thy power,  
 In death to praise thy Name.
- 

## II.—*THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

178

C. M.

From the cxxxiii. Psalm.

HOW vast must their advantage be,  
 How great their pleasure prove,  
 Who live like brethren, and consent  
 In offices of love !

- 2 True love is like the precious oil,  
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
 Its costly fragrance shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
 On Hermon's top distil ;  
 Or like the early drops that fall  
 On Sion's favour'd hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat  
 Where the almighty King  
 The promised blessing has ordain'd,  
 And life's eternal spring.

179

C. M.

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

LO ! what a cloud of witnesses  
 Encompass us around !  
 Men once like us with suffering tried,  
 But now with glory crown'd.

- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race ;  
And, freed from every weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path—  
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith :
- 4 He, for the joy before him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now he reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we, to God's right hand ;  
There, with the Saviour and his saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

180

C. M.

- COME, let us join our friends above,  
That have made sure the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to Jesus gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.
  - 3 One family, we dwell in him ;  
One Church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,—  
The narrow stream of death.
  - 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;

- Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die.
- 6 Then, Lord of hosts, be thou our Guide,  
And we, at thy command,  
Through waves that part on either side,  
Shall reach thy blessed land.

181

C. M.

Hebrews xii. 18, 22-24.

- NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke :  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God ;  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light :  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,  
But one communion make :  
All join in Christ, their vital Head,  
And of his love partake.



## 182

## THREE IOS.

FOR the apostles' glorious company,  
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and  
sea,  
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to thee,  
Alleluia.

2 For the evangelists, by whose blest word,  
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord  
Is fair and fruitful, be thy Name adored.  
Alleluia.

3 For martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,  
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,  
And died to grasp it, thee we glorify.  
Alleluia.

## 183

## P. M.

FOR all the saints, who from their labours  
rest,  
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever bless'd.  
Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their rock, the fortress, and their  
might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought  
fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.  
Alleluia.

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.  
Alleluia.
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of paradise the bless'd.  
Alleluia.
- 7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of glory passes on his way.  
Alleluia.
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest  
coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless  
host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Alleluia.

184

8s &amp; 7s.

"And after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

**H**ARK ! the sound of holy voices  
Chanting, at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Alleluia, Lord, to thee :  
Multitude, which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stands,

Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

- 2 They have come from tribulation,  
And have wash'd their robes in blood,  
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus ;  
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;  
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquer'd death and Satan  
By the might of Christ the Lord.
- 3 Marching with thy Cross their banner,  
They have triumph'd, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King ;  
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd ;  
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died ;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite :  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.
- 5 God of God, the One-begotten,  
Light of light, Emmanuel,  
In whose body join'd together  
All the saints for ever dwell,  
Pour upon us of thy fulness,  
That we may for evermore  
God the Father, God the Son, and  
God the Holy Ghost adore.

III.—*THE CHURCH.*

185

SIX 8s.

From the lxxxvii. Psalm.

GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount,  
 The Lord there condescends to dwell :  
 His Sion's gates, in his account,  
 Our Israel's fairest tents excel :  
 Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,  
 O city of th' almighty King !

- 2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,  
 Illustrious throngs from her proceed ;  
 The Almighty shall establish her,  
 And shall enrol her holy seed :  
 Yea, for his people he shall count  
 The children of his favour'd mount.
- 3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd  
 Who celebrate his matchless praise ;  
 Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,  
 In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise :  
 O Sion, seat of Israel's King,  
 Be mine to drink thy living spring !

186

SIX 8s.

From the xlvi. Psalm.

GOD is our refuge in distress,  
 A present help when dangers press,  
 In him, undaunted, we'll confide ;  
 Though earth were from her centre tost,  
 And mountains in the ocean lost,  
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still  
 The city of our Lord shall fill,

The royal seat of God most high :  
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers  
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,  
 While his almighty aid is nigh.

- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway,  
 For him the heathen shall obey,  
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess :  
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,  
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,  
 As to our fathers in distress.

187

8s &amp; 6s.

From the cxxii. Psalm.

*The Church in Glory.*

WITH joy shall I behold the day  
 That calls my willing soul away,  
 To dwell among the blest :  
 For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power  
 Unfolds the everlasting door,  
 And points me to his rest.

- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes  
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;  
 Their glory I survey ;  
 I view her mansions that contain  
 The angel host, a beauteous train,  
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
 Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
 Borne on immortal wing ;  
 There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
 In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,  
 Before th' almighty King.

- 4 The King a seat hath there prepared,  
 High on eternal base uprear'd,  
 For his eternal Son :  
 His palaces with joy abound ;  
 His saints, by him with glory crown'd,  
 Attend and share his throne.
- 5 Mother of cities ! o'er thy head  
 Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,  
 For evermore shall dwell :  
 Let me, blest seat ! my name behold  
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,  
 And bid the world farewell.

188

L. M.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

- T**RIOUMPHANT Sion ! lift thy head  
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead :  
 Though humbled long, awake at length,  
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
 And let thy excellence be known :  
 Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,  
 The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
 And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread ;  
 No more shall hell's insulting host  
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
 His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

189

C. M.

From the xlviii. Psalm.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,  
And greatly to be praised  
In Sion, on whose happy mount  
His sacred throne is raised.

2 In Sion we have seen perform'd  
A work that was foretold,  
In pledge that God, for times to come,  
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound ;  
Her daughters all be taught  
In songs his judgments to extol,  
Who this deliverance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,  
Your eyes quite round her cast ;  
Count all her towers, and see if there  
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,  
Observe their orders well,  
That to the ages yet to come  
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,  
Whilst we in him confide ;  
Who, as he has preserved us now,  
Till death will be our guide.

190

S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soar'd the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
The cheerless waters found ;



- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door ;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
Then rest on Sion's hill.

191

S. M.

- I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God ;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
  - 3 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
  - 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 192

8s &amp; 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God:  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove;  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy Name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know.

193

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by power divine :  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine :  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favour'd lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove :  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 E'er can change Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee,  
 God, thine everlasting light.

194

6s &amp; 4s.

ONE sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord, below, above,  
 Zion, one faith is thine,  
 The only watchword, Love ;  
 From many temples though it rise,  
 One song ascending to the skies.

- 2 Head of the Church beneath,  
 The catholic, the true,  
 On all her members breathe,  
 Her broken frame renew !  
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,  
 When Christians love and live as one.

195

P. M.

HEAD of the hosts in glory !  
 We joyfully adore thee,  
 Thy Church below,  
 Blending with those on high—  
 Where through the azure sky  
 Thy saints in ecstasy  
 For ever glow !

- 2 Angels ! archangels ! glorious  
 Guards of the Church victorious !  
 Worship the Lamb !  
 Crown him with crowns of light,  
 One of the Three by right—  
 Love, majesty, and might—  
 The great I AM !
- 3 Martyrs ! whose mystic legions  
 March o'er yon heavenly regions

In triumph round :  
Wave high your banners, wave !  
Your God, our Saviour, clave  
For death itself a grave,  
In hell profound !

- 4 Saints ! in fair circles, casting  
Rich trophies everlasting  
At Jesus' feet,  
Amidst our rude alarms,  
We stretch forth suppliant arms,  
That we, too, safe from harms,  
In heaven may meet !
- 5 Then raise the song of gladness,  
To dissipate our sadness,  
And dry our tears ;  
We wend our weary way  
Up to the realms of day,  
And watch and wait and pray,  
Through hopes and fears !
- 6 Saviour ! in glory beaming,  
With radiance brightly streaming,  
Enthroned in power,  
Grant, by thy awful Name,  
That we through flood and flame  
The Gospel may proclaim,  
Till life's last hour.

196

7s &amp; 6s.

“ He is the Head of the body, the Church.”

THE Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
She is his new creation  
By water and the word :

From heaven he came and sought her  
To be his holy bride ;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest ;  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, " How long ?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won :

O happy ones and holy !  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with thee.

197

SIX 8s.

**F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:  
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;  
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,  
 Long have we sought for rest in vain;  
 'Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost;  
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

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#### IV.—*THE SACRAMENTS.*

##### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

198

C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

**T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, power  
 Art worthy to receive;  
 Since all things by thy power were made,  
 And by thy bounty live.

- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
 Honour, and wealth to gain,  
 Glory and strength; who for our sins  
 A sacrifice was slain.



- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, be given.

199

L. M.

- MY God, and is thy table spread,  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
  - 3 O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests :  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.
  - 4 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come ;  
And gather from their Father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
  - 5 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

200

L. M.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
That Name in heaven and earth adored,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his sacred feet,  
O let our warm affections move  
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,  
But long to know and love thee more ;  
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine.

201

C. M.

AND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood ?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood ?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above !  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love ?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
To praise our heavenly King :  
O may that love which spread this board,  
Inspire us while we sing :

- 4 "Glory to God in highest strains,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
And let it never cease."

202

P. M.

- BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead !
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be thy feast to us the token  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

203

C. M.

- ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy sacramental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
I must remember thee.

- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;  
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

## 204 C. M.

- COME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne.  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus."  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise !
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## 205 C. M.

- SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless  
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,

- With manna in the wilderness,  
 With water from the rock.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
 As thou when here below,  
 Our souls the joys celestial seek  
 Which from thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,  
 But by that word of grace,  
 In strength of which we travel on  
 To our abiding-place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart ;  
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
 Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine ;  
 Thy body and thy blood,  
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,  
 Be our immortal food.

206

SIX 7s.

“ This do in remembrance of me.”

- B**READ of heaven, on thee we feed,  
 For thy flesh is meat indeed :  
 Ever may our souls be fed  
 With this true and living bread ;  
 Day by day with strength supplied,  
 Through the life of him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give,  
 To thy Cross we look and live :  
 Jesus, may we ever be  
 Grafted, rooted, built in thee.

## BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

207

8s &amp; 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,  
 With the shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs thy bosom share ;

- 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,  
 Fold *them* in thy gracious arm ;  
 There, we know, thy word believing,  
 Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,  
 Let *them* be the lion's prey ;  
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep *them* all life's dangerous way ;
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
 Let *them* find a resting-place ;  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

208

S. M.

THE gentle Saviour calls  
 Our children to his breast ;  
 He folds them in his gracious arms,  
 Himself declares them blest.

- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble claim ;  
 The heirs of heaven are such as these,  
 For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,  
 Devoting them to thee,  
 Imploring that, as we are thine,  
 Thine may our offspring be.

209

P. M.

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,  
Met to do as thou hast spoken,  
And this child at thy command  
To the font we bring, in token  
That to thee it here is given ;  
Such the kingdom is of heaven.

- 2 Yes, thy warning voice is plain,  
And we fain would heed it duly,  
“He who is not born again,  
Heart and life renewing truly,  
Born of water and the Spirit,  
Shall my kingdom ne’er inherit.”
- 3 Therefore hasten we to thee,  
Take the pledge we bring, O take it ;  
Let us here thy glory see,  
And in tender pity make it  
Now thy child, and leave it never ;  
Thine on earth and thine for ever.
- 4 Make it, Christ, thy member now ;  
Shepherd, take thy lamb and feed it ;  
Prince of peace, its peace be thou ;  
Way of life, to heaven O lead it ;  
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,  
Be it graff’d in thee for ever.
- 5 Now upon thy heart it lies,  
What our hearts so dearly treasure ;  
Heavenward lead our burden’d sighs,  
Pour thy blessings without measure ;  
Write the name we now have given,  
Write it in the book of heaven.



210

L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
 From thy secure enclosure's bound,  
 And, lured by worldly joys away,  
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are thine,  
 That thy dear sacred Name they bear ;  
 Think that the seal of love divine,  
 The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years  
 O let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
 Remember all the prayers and tears  
 Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
 These eyes can weep for them no more,  
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way ;  
 The wanderers to thy fold restore.

## BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

211

S. M.

Ephesians vi. 10, 13.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armour on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
 And in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
 With all his strength endued ;

And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God ;

- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

212

L. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee—  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star ;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! O as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his Name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! sinful pride ;  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;  
And O may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

213

C. M.

MY God ! the cov'nant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure ;

And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become,  
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love ;  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom  
Shall heavenly rays impart,  
And when my eyelids close in death,  
Sustain my fainting heart.

## V.—OFFICES OF THE CHURCH.

### CATECHISM.

214

C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm.

HOW bless'd are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way ;  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray !

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been ;  
And have with fervent, humble zeal  
His favour sought to win !

- 3 Such men their utmost caution use  
To shun each wicked deed ;  
But in the path which he directs  
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will ;  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside ;  
And I the course of all my life  
By thy direction guide !

215

7s.

- G**LORY to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
  - 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
  - 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

216

C. M.

Prov. iii. 13-17.

**O** HAPPY is the man who hears  
Religion's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice;

- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
More precious are her bright rewards  
Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just  
Immortal, happy days ;  
Her left, imperishable wealth  
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

217

L. M.

**O** WRITE upon my memory, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

- 2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;  
That hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

218

P. M.

**W**HEN, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,

The children all stood singing  
 Hosanna to his name ;  
 Nor did their zeal offend him,  
 But as he went along,  
 He let them still attend him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.  
 Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 The loving Lord retaineth  
 His love to children still,  
 Though now as King he reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;  
 Where angels feed on manna,  
 And see the Holy One,  
 And sing with us, Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son.  
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Would their hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words ?  
 No ; while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's.  
 Hosanna to Jesus our King.

219

8s &amp; 7s.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story  
 From the book of God is read !—  
 How the Lord of life and glory  
 Had not where to lay his head,—

2 How he left his throne in heaven,  
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,

- That my soul might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high !
- 3 Father ! let thy Holy Spirit  
Still reveal a Saviour's love,  
And prepare me to inherit  
Glory where he reigns above ;
- 4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I that great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his Name.

220

P. M.

- I N the vineyard of our Father  
Daily work we find to do ;  
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,  
Though we are but young and few ;  
Little clusters  
Help to fill the garners too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,  
Catching moments through the day,  
Nothing small or lowly scorning  
While we work, and watch, and pray ;  
Gathering gladly  
Free-will offerings by the way.
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
Not for objects nothing worth,  
But to send the blessed story  
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,  
Telling mortals  
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,  
Till in death our lips are dumb,  
Or till—sin's dominion falling—  
Christ shall in his kingdom come,



And his children  
Reach their everlasting home.

- 5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,  
Heavenly Father, may we be ;  
And for ever, and for ever,  
We will give the praise to thee ;  
Hallelujah  
Singing, all eternity.

221

6s &amp; 5s.

"Lord, save us."

JESUS, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

- 2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love ;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

222

6s &amp; 5s.

“Be strong and of a good courage. . . . And the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee.”

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.  
 Christ the royal Master  
 Leads against the foe ;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, his banners go.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.

- 2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee ;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory.  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise ;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise.  
 Onward, &c.
- 3 Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God ;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod ;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.  
 Onward, &c.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,

But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain ;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
 Onward, &c.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song ;  
 Glory, laud, and honour  
 Unto Christ the King ;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.

## 223

11s &amp; 8s.

- I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How he call'd little children as lambs to his  
 fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my  
 head,  
 That his arm had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen his kind look when  
 he said,  
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in his love ;

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,

- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;  
And many dear children shall be with him  
there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and  
fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I wish they could know there is room for them  
all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

224

C. M.

- BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child, whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.

- 5 O thou, who givest life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

## 225

C. M.

“While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

- THERE is a great rock far away,  
 Without a city wall,  
 Where the dear Lord was crucified  
 Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
 What pains he had to bear,  
 But we believe it was for us  
 He hung and suffer'd there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
 He died to make us good,  
 That we might go at last to heaven,  
 Saved by his precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin,  
 He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
 And we must love him too,  
 And trust in his redeeming blood,  
 And try his works to do.

## 226

7s.

- MARY to the Saviour's tomb  
 Hasted at the early dawn,  
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,  
 But the Lord she loved had gone.

There a while she lingering stood,  
 Lost in anguish and dismay,  
 Tears she wept—a bitter flood—  
 Asking where her Saviour lay.

- 2 Soon her sorrow all was gone,  
 When she heard his own dear voice  
 Call her, “Mary.”—O that tone,  
 How it bade her heart rejoice!  
 Such a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day:  
 Ye who weep for Jesus’ sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

227

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need thy tender care;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us;  
 For our use thy folds prepare:  
 Blessed Jesus!  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
 Blessed Jesus!  
 Let us early turn to thee.

- 3 Early let us seek thy favour,  
 Early let us learn thy will;  
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosoms fill:  
 Blessed Jesus!  
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

## CONFIRMATION.

228

S. M.

From the xx. Psalm.

- MAY God accept our vow,  
Our sacrifice receive,  
Our heart's devout request allow,  
Our holy wishes give !
- 2 O Lord, thy saving grace  
We joyfully declare ;  
Our banner in thy Name we raise—  
“ The Lord fulfil our prayer ! ”
- 3 Now know we that the Lord  
His chosen will defend ;  
From heaven will strength divine afford,  
And will their prayer attend.

229

S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm.

- HIS mercy and his truth  
The righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wandering sinners home,  
And teaching them his ways.
- 2 He those in justice guides  
Who his direction seek ;  
And in his sacred paths shall lead  
The humble and the meek.
- 3 Through all the ways of God  
Both truth and mercy shine,  
To such as, with religious hearts,  
To his blest will incline.
- 4 For God to all his saints  
His secret will imparts,  
And does his gracious covenant write  
In their obedient hearts.



230

C. M.

From the lxxxiv. Psalm.

**O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st  
The brightness of thy face !

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire  
To view thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God.
- 3 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee  
Their sure protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead.
- 4 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
And still approach more near ;  
Till all on Sion's holy mount  
Before their God appear.
- 5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,  
Will grace and glory give ;  
And no good thing will he withhold  
From them that justly live.
- 6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How highly bless'd is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,  
Are still reposed on thee !

231

L. M.

**O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God :  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;  
Who with the world would grieve to part  
When call'd on angels' food to feast?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 232

C. M.

- WITNESS, ye men and angels; now  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break:
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
  - 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
  - 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

## 233

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always thine,

- That I from thee no more may stray,  
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Before the Cross of him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall ;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for thine own ;  
That I may see thy glorious face,  
And worship at thy throne.
- 4 May the dear blood once shed for me  
My blest atonement prove ;  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of thy love !
- 5 Let every thought and work and word  
To thee be ever given ;  
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven !

234

6s & 4s.

- M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray :  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day ;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.

235

L. M. DOUBLE.

- A**RM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,  
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword ;  
Forth to the battle may they go,  
And boldly fight against the foe,  
With banner of the Cross unfurl'd,  
And by it overcome the world ;  
And so at last receive from thee  
The palm and crown of victory.
- 2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,  
And make thy servants' hearts thy home ;  
May each a living temple be,  
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to thee ;  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

236

Six 8s.

LORD, shall thy children come to thee?  
 A boon of love divine we seek;  
 Brought to thine arms in infancy,  
 Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,  
 Thy children pray for grace, that they  
 May come themselves to thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,  
 Oft as we see yon table spread,  
 And, tokens of thy dying pain,  
 The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?  
 Bless, bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,  
 That they may come and find thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone  
 At holy time or solemn rite;  
 But every hour till life be flown,  
 Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,  
 Come to thy throne of grace, that we  
 In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?  
 Thy children ask one blessing more:  
 To come, not now alone, but then,  
 When life, and death, and time are o'er;  
 Then, then to come, O Lord, and be  
 Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

237

7s & 6s.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
 That earliest wedding-day,  
 The primal marriage blessing,  
 It hath not pass'd away.

- 2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, heavenly Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side :
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As thou didst bind two natures  
In thine eternal bands.
- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As thou for Christ the Bridegroom  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 6 O spread thy pure wings o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to thine altar  
Their hallow'd path they trace,
- 7 To cast their crowns before thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own bride they rise.

238

S. M.

“Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.”

HOW welcome was the call,  
And sweet the festal lay,  
When Jesus deign'd in Cana's hall  
To bless the marriage-day !

- 2 And happy was the bride,  
And glad the bridegroom's heart,  
For he who tarried at their side  
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love,  
Come thou again to-day ;  
And bring a blessing from above  
That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 O bless, as erst of old,  
The bridegroom and the bride ;  
Bless with the holier stream that flow'd  
Forth from thy piercèd side.
- 5 Before thine altar throne  
This mercy we implore ;  
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one  
So bless them evermore.

239

7s.

**D**EIGN this union to approve,  
And confirm it, God of love.  
Bless thy servants ; on their head  
Now the oil of gladness shed ;  
In this nuptial bond, to thee  
Let them consecrated be.

- 2 In prosperity, be near,  
To preserve them in thy fear ;  
In affliction, let thy smile  
All the woes of life beguile ;  
And when every change is past,  
Take them to thyself at last.

240

L. M.

**O**UR hearts to thee in prayer we bow,  
Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom thou ;



Abide with us, and deign to bless  
Thy suppliant ones with happiness.

- 2 Be present, as at Cana's board,  
With high and awful blessings stored ;  
To ask is ours, but only thine  
To turn the water into wine.
- 3 Call'd to the marriage, thou dost shed  
New grace upon the newly wed ;  
Be theirs to seek thy presence dear,  
And seeking, find it ever near.
- 4 O Christ, do thou to us impart  
The blessing of the pure in heart ;  
That we henceforth in thee abide,  
True members of the spotless bride.
- 5 More bright that crown, than bridal wreath,  
Which waits the faithful unto death ;  
And brighter than the bridegroom's joy  
The bliss which never hath alloy.
- 6 Lord, grant us so to watch and guard  
That this may be our great reward :  
With virgin souls to follow thee,  
And where thou art for aye to be.

#### VISITATION OF THE SICK.

241

6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be :  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.  
Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot ;  
 I would not, if I might ;  
 Choose thou for me, my God ;  
 So shall I walk aright.  
 Thy will be done : my cup  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to thee may seem ;  
 Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health ;  
 Choose thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.  
 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small ;  
 Be thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom, and my all.

242

SIX 8s.

*A Compassionate High-Priest.*

Hebrews iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On him I lean who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain ;  
 He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the ill I would not do ;  
 Still he who felt temptation's power  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
 And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,

Then he who once vouchsafed to bear  
Such bitter anguish, harrowing care,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

243

C. M.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

**L**ORD, as to thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,

We in our turn would meekly cry,  
"Father, thy will be done."

- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow thee to heaven.

244

P. M.

"Thy will be done."

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done."

- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive would I still reply,  
"Thy will be done."

- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield thee what is thine—  
"Thy will be done."

- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;  
"Thy will be done."

- 6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."

245

C. M. DOUBLE.

THOU art my Hiding-place, O Lord !  
On thee I fix my trust,  
Encouraged by thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust.  
I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea ;  
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,  
The Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptations beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues and bitter words  
My spirit flies to thee :  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body rack'd with pain,  
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this, the witness in my breast  
That Jesus died for me ?

4 And when thy awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away,  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,  
O give me strength in death to speak,  
"My Saviour died for me."

246

8s, 6s, &amp; 4s.

W HATE'ER my God ordains is right ;  
His will is ever just ;  
Howe'er he orders now my cause,  
I will be still and trust.  
He is my God ;  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
He never will deceive ;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to him I cleave,  
And take content  
What he hath sent ;  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day ;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
My Light, my Life is he,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ;  
I trust him utterly ;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here.



- 5 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
     Here will I take my stand,  
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
     For me a desert land.  
     My Father's care  
     Is round me there,  
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;  
 And so to him I leave it all.

247

C. M.

- WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
     And mourns the present pain,  
 How sweet to think of peace at last,  
     And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
     And dread a Father's will ;  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
     And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys  
     The paths to realms of light,  
 And longs her eagle plume to raise,  
     And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows  
     To see him face to face,  
 Whose dying love no language knows  
     Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels  
     The pangs of struggling sin ;  
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,  
     And ends her war within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
     From earth-born woe and care,  
 And soar beyond the realms of night  
     My Saviour's bliss to share !



## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

248

C. M.

From the xxxix. Psalm.

LORD, let me know my term of days,  
How soon my life will end :  
The numerous train of ills disclose,  
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,  
A cipher sums my years ;  
And every man, in best estate,  
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,  
With fruitless cares oppress'd ;  
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell  
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys  
With anxious cares attend ?  
On thee alone my steadfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,  
And listen to my prayer,  
Who sojourn like a stranger here,  
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time ;  
My wasted strength restore,  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
And shall be seen no more.

249

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven declares  
To those in' Christ who die :  
Released from all their earthly cares,  
They'll reign with him on high.

- 2 Then why lament departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
Death's but the servant Jesus sends  
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gave sin its strength and power,  
But Christ, our Ransom, died.
- 4 The grave of all his saints he bless'd,  
When in the grave he lay :  
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised  
To everlasting day.
- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,  
"Where is thy victory, O grave?  
And where, O death, thy sting?"

250

S. M.

THE voice at midnight came ;  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell, but felt no fear.

- 2 Tranquil amid alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 3 At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare !"  
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye,  
Then strong in faith and prayer,
- 4 His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay ;

His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darken'd ruin lay.

- 5 The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease ;  
And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

251

L. M.

**A**SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet ;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its painful sting !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But there is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

252

C. M.

**N**OT for the dead in Christ we weep ;  
Their sorrows now are o'er ;  
The sea is calm, the tempest past,  
On that eternal shore.

- 2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,  
 Within that better home;  
 A while we weep and linger here,  
 Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss  
 Nor trance of rapture show  
 Where, on the bosom of their God,  
 They rest from human woe;
- 4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,  
 And teach the chasten'd mind  
 To welcome all that's left of good,  
 To all that's lost resign'd.

253

7s, 8s, &amp; 7s.

*Burial of a Child.*

"They are in peace."

- TENDER Shepherd, thou hast still'd  
 Now thy little lamb's brief weeping;  
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
 In *his* narrow bed *he's* sleeping,  
 And no sigh of anguish sore  
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,  
 Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave *him*;  
 To the sunny heavenly plain  
 Thou dost now with joy receive *him*;  
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
 Now *he* dwells with thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
 Where *he* lives may soon be living,  
 And the lovely pastures see  
 That *his* heavenly food are giving;  
 Then the gain of death we prove,  
 Though thou take what most we love.

## CHURCHING OFFICE.

254

C. M.

From the cxvi. Psalm.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love  
Entirely is possess'd,  
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear  
The voice of my request.

- 2 Since he has now his ear inclined,  
I never will despair;  
But still in each event of life  
To him address my prayer.

## FOR THOSE AT SEA.

255

12S.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."—ST. MATT. viii. 25.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is  
gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to  
cherish,  
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we  
perish."

- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the  
billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy  
pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we  
perish."
- 3 And O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is  
waging,

Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to  
cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we  
perish."

256

S. M.

O THOU who didst prepare  
The ocean's sounding deep,  
And bid the gath'ring waters there  
In mighty concourse sweep:

- 2 Toss'd in our reeling bark  
On this tumultuous sea,  
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,  
And lift our hearts to thee.
- 3 Jesus is nigh, who trod  
Of old that foaming spray,  
Whose billows own'd th' incarnate God,  
And died in calm away.
- 4 Though swells the threatening tide,  
Mounting to heaven above,  
We know in whom our souls confide,  
And fearless trust his love.

257

6s &amp; 4s.

FIERCE was the wild billow,  
Dark was the night,  
Oars labour'd heavily,  
Foam glitter'd white,  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was nigh;  
Then said the God of God,  
"Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
 Lower thy crest !  
 Wail of Euroclydon,  
 Be thou at rest !  
 Sorrow can never be—  
 Darkness must fly—  
 Where saith the Light of light,  
 “Peace ! It is I.”

3 Jesus, Deliverer,  
 Come thou to me :  
 Soothe thou my voyaging  
 Over life's sea :  
 Thou, when the storm of death  
 Roars sweeping by,  
 Whisper—thou Truth of truth—  
 “Peace ! It is I !”

## 258

SIX 8s.

“These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,  
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
 Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
 Its own appointed limits keep ;  
 O hear us when we cry to thee  
 For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,  
 And hush'd their raging at thy word,  
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
 And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;  
 O hear us when we cry to thee  
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,



And bid its angry tumult cease,  
 And give, for wild confusion, peace ;  
     O hear us when we cry to thee  
     For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,  
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;  
     Thus evermore shall rise to thee  
     Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

## 259

C. M.

*[Which may be used at Sea or on Land.]*

L ORD, for the just thou dost provide,  
 Thou art their sure defence ;  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
     Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,  
     And breathe the tainted air  
 In burning climates, far from home,  
     Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,  
     Makes every country please ;  
 Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,  
     And smooth'st the rugged seas.
- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,  
     Defied the pilot's art ;  
 When terror in each face appear'd,  
     And sorrow in each heart ;
- 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,  
     To snatch me from the grave :  
 I found thine ear not slow to hear,  
     Nor short thine arm to save.

- 6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,  
The storms obey'd thy will,  
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,  
And every wave was still.
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,  
A life of praise shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be my fate,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

## ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

260

L. M.

St. Matt. x.

- GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious jubilee proclaim,  
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labours, sinners live.

261

L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;

We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
 Successful pleaders may they be.

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !  
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
 Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
 Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,  
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
 In humble strains thy grace implore,  
 And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
 Distressèd souls forget their pains ;  
 Let light through distant realms be spread,  
 And Sion rear her drooping head.

262

L. M.

“ Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness.”

**L**ORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,  
 And thine ordained servants bless ;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

- 2 Within thy temple when they stand,  
 To teach the truth as taught by thee,  
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand  
 Let all thy Church's pastors be.

- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom thou dost love ;
- 4 To love, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, form the saint,  
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finish'd here,  
They may in hope their charge resign ;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

## CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

263

C. M. DOUBLE.

- HOW beautiful the feet that bring  
The gladsome tidings here !  
What gracious messengers e'en now  
To our blest eyes appear !  
These are the stars which God appoints  
For guides into our way,  
To lead to the true Bethlehem,  
Where Christ is found alway.
- 2 These are our God's ambassadors,  
By whom his mind we know ;  
God's angels in his nether heaven ;  
His heralds here below !  
Sprinkled by them, the souls arise  
That did in Adam die,  
And, fed by them with bread from heaven,  
Were train'd for rest on high.

- 3 Thy servants speak ; thou only dost  
 The hearing ear bestow :  
 They smite the rock, but thou alone  
 Dost bid the waters flow.  
 They seek, but only thou hast skill  
 To bring the wanderers home :  
 They call, but thy love must compel,  
 And then the invited come.
- 4 Lord, thou art in them of a truth,  
 Lest we should go astray :  
 The twelve bright banners march before,  
 And show us Canaan's way.  
 Bless we thy Name who grants us here  
 To sing in Sion's ways,  
 And then, on heavenly Sion's hill,  
 To sing eternal praise.

### CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

264

C. M.

From the cxxxii. Psalm.

- O** WITH due reverence let us all  
 To God's abode repair ;  
 And prostrate at his footstool fall,  
 To breathe our humble prayer.
- 2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
 Thy constant place of rest ;  
 Be that not only with thy ark,  
 But with thy presence bless'd.
- 3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,  
 Make thou thy saints rejoice ;  
 And, for thy servant David's sake,  
 Hear thy anointed's voice.

265

C. M.

From the cxxii. Psalm.

- O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear  
 Our tribes devoutly say,  
 Up, Israel ! to the temple haste,  
 And keep your festal-day.
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,  
 With our assembled powers,  
 In strong and beauteous order ranged,  
 Like her united towers.
- 3 O ever pray for Salem's peace ;  
 For they shall prosp'rous be,  
 Thou holy city of our God,  
 Who bear true love to thee.
- 4 May peace within thy sacred walls  
 A constant guest be found ;  
 With plenty and prosperity  
 Thy palaces be crown'd.
- 5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
 No less than brethren dear,  
 I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers  
 A constant guest appear.
- 6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
 And ever wish thee well,  
 For Sion and the temple's sake,  
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

266

6s &amp; 4s.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone ;  
 On him alone we build ;  
 With his true saints alone  
 The courts of heaven are fill'd :

On his great love		Of present grace
Our hopes we place,		And joys above.

2 O then, with hymns of praise  
 These hallow'd courts shall ring !  
 Our voices we will raise,  
 The Three in One to sing ;  
 And thus proclaim                      |      Both loud and long,  
 In joyful song,                         |      That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou  
 For evermore draw nigh ;  
 Accept each faithful vow,  
 And mark each suppliant sigh :  
 In copious shower,                      |      Each holy day,  
 On all who pray,                         |      Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore,  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore ;  
 Until that day                              |      To endless rest  
 When all the blest                         |      Are call'd away.

5 Praise to the God of heaven,  
 Praise to his only Son ;  
 And praise to him be given  
 Who joins them both in One ;  
 The holy Dove,                              |      For the blest seat  
 Who makes us meet                         |      Of God above.

267

8s &amp; 7s.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,  
 Christ the head and corner-stone,  
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,  
 Binding all the Church in one,  
 Holy Sion's help for ever,  
 And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved of God on high,



- In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody ;  
 God the One in Three adoring  
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call thee,  
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :  
 With thy wonted loving-kindness  
 Hear thy servants as they pray,  
 And thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants  
 What they ask of thee to gain,  
 What they gain from thee for ever  
 With the blessed to retain,  
 And hereafter in thy glory  
 Evermore with thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,  
 Praise and honour to the Son,  
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three, and ever One,  
 One in might, and One in glory,  
 While eternal ages run.

268

7s, 6s, &amp; 8s.

*Laying of a Corner-Stone.*

THOU, who hast in Zion laid  
 The true Foundation-stone,  
 And with those a covenant made  
 Who build on that alone :  
 Hear us, Architect divine !  
 Great Builder of thy Church below !  
 Now upon thy servants shine,  
 Who seek thy praise to show.

- 2 Earth is thine ; her thousand hills  
 Thy mighty hand sustains ;  
 Heaven thy awful presence fills ;  
 O'er all thy glory reigns :  
 Yet the place of all prepared  
 By regal David's favour'd Son,  
 Thy peculiar blessing shared,  
 And stood thy chosen throne.
- 3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise  
 A temple to the Lord ;  
 Sound throughout its courts his praise,  
 His saving Name record ;  
 Dedicate a house to him  
 Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,  
 Sorrow'd, suffer'd, to redeem,  
 To rescue all mankind.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send  
 The consecrating flame ;  
 Now in majesty descend,  
 Inscribe the living Name :  
 That great Name by which we live,  
 Now write on this accepted stone ;  
 Us into thy hands receive ;  
 Our temple make thine own.

269

C. M.

From the xxvi. Psalm.

- I'LL wash my hands in innocence,  
 And round thine altar go ;  
 Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,  
 And thence thy wonders show.
- 2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
 How thy renown excels ;  
 That seat affords me most delight,  
 In which thine honour dwells.

## VI.—MISSIONS AND CHARITIES.

270

8s &amp; 6s.

*For Missions to the New Settlements in the United States.*

WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,  
 Led by thy providential hand,  
 Our wandering fathers came,  
 Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,  
 Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,  
 To keep them in thy Name.

- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,  
 The desert features soon were lost ;  
 Thy temples there arose ;  
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
 Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,  
 And blossom'd as the rose.
- 3 And O may we repay this debt  
 To regions solitary yet,  
 Within our spreading land :  
 There, brethren, from our common home,  
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;  
 Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we own this debt of love :  
 O shed thy spirit from above,  
 To move each Christian breast ;  
 Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,  
 And temples rise to fix thy Name,  
 Through all our desert west.

271

C. M.

*Isaiah xxxv. 2.*

ON Sion and on Lebanon,  
 On Carmel's blooming height,

- On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone  
The glory, pure and bright.
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray  
Stream'd forth from land to land ;  
And empires now behold its day ;  
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,  
Our happy shores illumine ;  
Our farther regions, once unblest,  
Now like a garden bloom ;
- 4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild  
See not this heavenly light ;  
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,  
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,  
On Carmel who didst shine,  
Our deserts let thy glory fill,  
Thy excellence divine.
- 6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,  
May all our forests smile ;  
And may our borders blossom wide  
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

272

S. M.

From the lxxvii. Psalm.

- TO bless thy chosen race  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known ;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

- 3 O let them shout and sing,  
With joy and pious mirth ;  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 4 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.
- 5 Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings shower ;  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of his resistless power.

273

7s &amp; 6s.

- FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
  - 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high ;  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation, O salvation,  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole :  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

274

L. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm.

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Jehovah's glorious Name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 And truth eternal is thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

275

C. M.

PITY the nations, O our God,  
 Constrain the earth to come ;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

- 2 O spread thy truth from pole to pole,  
 That all the human race  
 May, with one voice and heart and soul,  
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

276

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more :  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King :  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

277

L. M.

YE Christian heralds ! go, proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name :  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.



- 2 God shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,  
 Then may we meet to part no more,—  
 Meet, with the ransom'd throng to fall,  
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

278

L. M.

- ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,  
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;  
 And let the world adoring see  
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
 "I am Jehovah, God alone :"  
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Sion's time of favour come ;  
 O bring the tribes of Israel home ;  
 And let our wandering eyes behold  
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
 In every clime, of every name ;  
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

279

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,  
 Where no light has broken through,  
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,  
 Whom his soul in travail knew—  
 Thousand voices  
 Call us o'er the waters blue.

- 2 Christians, hearken ! None has taught them  
Of his love so deep and dear ;  
Of the precious price that bought them ;  
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;  
Ye who know him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings  
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings  
Rise against us when we stand  
In the judgment,  
From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,  
All along each distant shore ;  
Seaward far the islands brighten ;  
Light of nations ! lead us o'er :  
When we seek them,  
Let thy Spirit go before.

280

L. M.

*For the Jews.*

DISOWN'D of heaven, by man oppress'd,  
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,  
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd,  
Still roam the scorning world around ?

- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,  
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring ;  
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
The sever'd olive branch again  
Firm to its parent stock unite.

- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long !  
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour ;  
 With eager feet one temple throng,  
 With grateful praise one God adore.

281

L. M.

*For the Jews.*

- HIGH on the bending willows hung,  
 Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
 Still mute remains the sullen tongue,  
 And Sion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise ;  
 Let harp and voice unite their strains ;  
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;  
 Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,  
 And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;  
 In every clime behold a home,  
 In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;  
 No strangers mock thy captive chain ;  
 Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,  
 And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why, on bending willows hung,  
 Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string !  
 Why mute remains the sullen tongue,  
 And Sion's song delays to sing ?

282

7s &amp; 6s.

AND is the time approaching,  
 By prophets long foretold,  
 When all shall dwell together,  
 One Shepherd and one fold ?

- Shall every idol perish,  
To moles and bats be thrown,  
And every prayer be offer'd  
To God in Christ alone?
- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore?  
Shall all that now divides us  
Remove and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union,  
In a blest land of love?  
Shall war be learn'd no longer,  
Shall strife and tumult cease,  
All earth his blessed kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace?
- 4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray!  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on,  
To pray, and hope, and labour,  
Till the dark night be gone.

RICH are the joys which cannot die,  
With God laid up in store;  
Treasures beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile fields above  
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 All that my willing hands can give  
At Jesus' feet I lay ;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
Abounding grace repay.

284

S. M.

- SOW in the morn thy seed ;  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,  
The late or early sown ;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown ;
- 3 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

285

C. M.

- LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let love's treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor :

Like him through scenes of deep distress,  
 Who bore the world's sad weight,  
 We, in their crowded loneliness,  
 Would seek the desolate.

- 2 For thou hast placed us side by side  
 In this wide world of ill,  
 And, that thy followers may be tried,  
 The poor are with us still.  
 Mean are all offerings we can make,  
 But thou hast taught us, Lord,  
 If given for the Saviour's sake,  
 They lose not their reward.
- 

## VII.—*SPECIAL SEASONS.*

### THANKSGIVING AND HARVEST-HOME.

286

L. M.

From the xciv. Psalm.

**O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our almighty King;  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past;  
 To him address, in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his Name belongs:
- 3 O let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there;  
 Down on our knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

- 4 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,  
His flock and pasture-sheep are we:  
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day  
His warning hear, his voice obey.

287

SIX 7s.

- PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ:  
All to thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

288

L. M.

*For Public Mercies and Deliverances.*

- SALVATION doth to God belong,  
His power and grace shall be our song;



From him alone all mercies flow,  
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's prayer;  
And though deliverance he may stay,  
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour and our King:

289

7s. DOUBLE.

"They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home!  
All is safely gather'd in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come;  
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 What is earth but God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield?  
Wheat and tares therein are sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
Ripening with a wondrous power,  
Till the final harvest-hour:  
Grant, O Lord of life, that we  
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that thou wilt come,  
And wilt take thy people home;  
From thy field wilt purge away  
All that doth offend, that day;

And thine angels charge at last  
 In the fire the tares to cast,  
 But the fruitful ears to store  
 In thy garner evermore.

- 4 Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,  
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home !  
 Let thy saints be gather'd in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
 All upon the golden floor  
 Praising thee for evermore ;  
 Come, with thousand angels, come ;  
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home !

## 290

6s, 7s, &amp; 6s.

O clap your hands together, all ye people ; O sing unto God with the  
 voice of melody."

**N**OW thank we all our God,  
 With heart, and hands, and voices,  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In whom his world rejoices ;  
 Who from our mother's arms  
 Hath bless'd us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours to-day.

- 2 O may this bounteous God  
 Through all our life be near us,  
 With ever joyful hearts  
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;  
 And keep us in his grace,  
 And guide us when perplex'd,  
 And free us from all ills  
 In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God,  
 The Father, now be given,

The Son, and him who reigns  
 With them in highest heaven,  
 The One eternal God,  
 Whom earth and heaven adore,  
 For thus it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

291

7s.

“Who giveth food to all flesh ; for his mercy endureth for ever.”

PRAISE, O praise our God and King !

Hymns of adoration sing ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he made the sun  
 Day by day his course to run ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure :

3 And the silver moon by night,  
 Shining with her gentle light ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise him that he gave the rain  
 To mature the swelling grain ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure :

5 And hath bid the fruitful field  
 Crops of precious increase yield ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise him for our harvest-store,  
 He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure :

- 7 And for richer food than this,  
 Pledge of everlasting bliss ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Glory to our bounteous King !  
 Glory let creation sing !  
 Glory to the Father, Son,  
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

## NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

292

6s &amp; 4s.

- B**EFORE the Lord we bow,  
 The God who reigns above,  
 And rules the world below,  
 Boundless in power and love ;  
 Our thanks we bring  
 In joy and praise,  
 Our hearts we raise  
 To heaven's high King.
- 2 The nation thou hast blest  
 May well thy love declare,  
 From foes and fears at rest,  
 Protected by thy care.  
 For this fair land,  
 For this bright day,  
 Our thanks we pay—  
 Gifts of thy hand.
- 3 May every mountain height,  
 Each vale and forest green,  
 Shine in thy word's pure light,  
 And its rich fruits be seen !

May every tongue  
Be tuned to praise,  
And join to raise  
A grateful song.

- 4 Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,  
The great Redeemer own,  
Believe, obey, rejoice,  
And worship him alone ;  
Cast down thy pride,  
Thy sin deplore,  
And bow before  
The Crucified.

- 5 And when in power he comes,  
O may our native land,  
From all its rending tombs,  
Send forth a glorious band ;  
A countless throng  
Ever to sing  
To heaven's high King  
Salvation's song.

293

6s &amp; 4s.

**G**OD bless our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night ;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayers shall rise  
To God above the skies ;  
On him we wait ;  
Thou who hast heard each sigh  
Watching each weeping eye,

Be thou for ever nigh ;  
 God save the state !

294

6s, 7s, &amp; 6s.

**L**ORD GOD, we worship thee !  
 In loud and happy chorus  
 We praise thy love and power,  
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.  
 To heaven our song shall soar,  
 For ever shall it be  
 Resounding o'er and o'er,  
 Lord God, we worship thee !

- 2 Lord God, we worship thee !  
 For thou our land defendest ;  
 Thou pourest down thy grace,  
 And strife and war thou endest.  
 Since golden peace, O Lord,  
 Thou grantest us to see,  
 Our land, with one accord,  
 Lord God, gives thanks to thee !
- 3 Lord God, we worship thee !  
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
 Yet still thy anger spares,  
 And still thy mercy tries us :  
 Once more our Father's hand  
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
 And peace rejoice our land :  
 Lord God, we worship thee !

## NATIONAL FASTS.

295

8s &amp; 7s.

**D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,  
 From thy temple in the skies,  
 Hear thy people's supplications,  
 . Now for their deliverance rise :

- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface :  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

296

L. M.

*Prayer and Hope of Victory.*

NOW may the God of grace and power  
Attend his people's humble cry ;  
Defend them in the needful hour,  
And send deliverance from on high.

- 2 In his salvation is our hope ;  
And in the Name of Israel's God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
And let our trust be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And hymns of peace conclude our song.



297

C. M.

ALMIGHTY LORD, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone  
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !

4 O turn, turn us, mighty Lord !  
Convert us by thy grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,  
We will not yield to fear,  
Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
When thou, O God, art near.

298

L. M.

“The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.”

O GOD of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;  
The wrath of sinful man restrain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told ;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

- 3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?  
 Where rest but on thy faithful word?  
 None ever call'd on thee in vain;  
 Give peace, O God, give peace again.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

299

C. M.

From the cxxi. Psalm.

- TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,  
 From thence expecting aid;  
 From Sion's hill and Sion's God,  
 Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,  
 Thy guardian will not sleep;  
 Behold, the God who slumbers not  
 Will favour'd Israel keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
 Thou shalt securely rest,  
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
 By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 Thy God shall thee defend;  
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,  
 Safe to thy journey's end.

300

Six 8s.

From the lxiii. Psalm.

- O GOD, my gracious God, to thee  
 My morning prayers shall offer'd be,  
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant;  
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,  
 As in a dry and barren place,  
 Where I refreshing waters want.

- 2 O to my longing eyes once more  
 That view of glorious power restore,  
 Which thy majestic house displays:  
 Because to me thy wondrous love  
 Than life itself does dearer prove,  
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ,  
 With lifted hands adore his Name:  
 As with its choicest food supplied,  
 My soul shall be full satisfied,  
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,  
 And when I wake in dead of night,  
 Because thou still dost succour bring,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing  
 I rest with safety and delight.

## 301

SIX 8s.

*Daily Dependence.*

- WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
 O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
 On me with beams of mercy shine;  
 Chase the dark clouds of sin away,  
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King  
 My morning sacrifice I bring,  
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
 Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name,  
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,  
 And be my advocate with God.

- 3 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend :  
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,  
Or languor settles at the heart ;  
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,  
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;  
O great Physician, see my grief,  
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow  
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;  
And neither help nor hope appear,  
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;  
Lord, pity and supply my need,  
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour  
Its varied blessings on my store ;  
O keep me from the ills that wait  
On such a seeming prosperous state :  
From hurtful passions set me free,  
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,

Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
 To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
 And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
 To see thy face and sing thy praise.

302

L. M.

"I have set God always before me."—PSALM xvi. 9.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,  
 My soul, adoring, turns to thee ;  
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,  
 When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
 To thee my soul triumphant springs ;  
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
 Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
 To death and thee my thoughts I give ;  
 To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
 To thee, with whom I trust to live.

303

SIX 8s.

From the xci. Psalm.

HE that has God his guardian made  
 Shall under the Almighty's shade  
 Secure and undisturb'd abide :  
 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,  
 He is my fortress and my stay,  
 My God, in whom I will confide.

- 2 His tender love and watchful care  
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,

And from the noisome pestilence ;  
 He over thee his wings shall spread,  
 And cover thy unguarded head ;  
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

- 3 Because, with well-placed confidence,  
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,  
 Thy refuge, even God most high ;  
 Therefore no ill on thee shall come,  
 Nor to thy heaven-protected home  
 Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

304

C. M.

From the cxxvii. Psalm.

**W**E build with fruitless cost, unless  
 The Lord the pile sustain ;  
 Unless the Lord the city keep,  
 The watchman wakes in vain.

- 2 In vain we rise before the day,  
 And late to rest repair,  
 Allow no respite to our toil,  
 And eat the bread of care.
- 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,  
 He on his saints bestows ;  
 He crowns their labours with success,  
 Their nights with safe repose.

305

S. M.

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Jesus' love :  
 The fellowship of Christian minds  
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour united prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;  
 Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
Not like the world's, our pain ;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

## 306

C. M.

Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.

- G**OD of our fathers, by whose hand  
Thy people still are blest,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage ;  
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
  - 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
  - 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,  
And portion evermore.



307

L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

308

S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thine almighty power  
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;  
O be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
    Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beam should die  
    In sudden, endless night.

309

L. M.

- FORTH in thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
    My daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
    In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
    And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
    And hasten to that glorious day.
- 3 Fain would I still for thee employ  
    Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,  
Would run my course with even joy,  
    And closely walk with thee to heaven.

310

L. M.

- UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
    Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
    There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives—the everlasting God,  
    That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
    And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
    His morning smiles bless all the day :  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
    The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
 May rise secure, securely rest ;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
 Admit nor slumber nor surprise.

311

EIGHT 6s.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

- THERE is a blessed home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crown'd,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well ;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell ;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side ;  
 To give to him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things he hath done !
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe ;

Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

312

8s &amp; 6s.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,  
 In trial's fearful hour,  
 Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,  
 And bless his sparing power,  
 A joy springs up amid distress,  
 A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 O blessed be the hand that gave,  
 Still blessed when it takes ;  
 Blessed be he who smites to save,  
 Who heals the heart he breaks :  
 Perfect and true are all his ways,  
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

MORNING.

313

L. M.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,  
 And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
 The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.

- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,  
 Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;  
 But may each swiftly-flying hour  
 Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 But can it be? That Power divine  
 Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;  
 And countless worlds and angels join  
 To swell the glorious song of praise.

- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,  
 When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?  
 Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,  
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
 And may my zeal with years increase:  
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
 And all thy paths are paths of peace. ♥

314

L. M.

“His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.”

NEW every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we need to ask,  
 Room to deny ourselves, a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
 Fit us for perfect rest above;  
 And help us this, and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

315

L. M.

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Send down thy radiance from above ;  
And to our inmost hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious Name :  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May he our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
The flesh subdue, the mind control :  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallow'd thus be every day !  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 7 O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne :  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in thee !

316

8s &amp; 7s.

“Unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.”

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise!

Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near,  
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine;  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

317

8s, 4s, &amp; 7s.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,  
Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day:  
Come, to him who made this splendour  
See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of thy powers:  
For the night is safely ended;  
God hath tended

With his care thy helpless hours.



- 3 Pray that he may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that he may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth,  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within ;  
He the hidden shame, gloss'd over,  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.
- 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But his Spirit's voice obey ;  
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things, in unclouded day.
- 7 Glory, honour, exaltation,  
Adoration,  
Be to the eternal One :  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit  
Laud and merit,  
While unending ages run.

318

L. M.

"I myself will awake right early."

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 By influence of the Light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Glory to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.
- 7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 8 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## EVENING.

319

L. M.

- GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigil keep,  
Divinest love in me instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 7 O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King?
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

320

L. M.

- G**REAT God, to thee my evening song,  
With humble gratitude, I raise :  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ, my Lord ; his Name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him my eyelids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;

Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy Name.

321

C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

322

S. M.

THE day is past and gone ;  
The evening shades appear :  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

323

7s.

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labour free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee :

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee :

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

324

8s.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,  
My all to thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

325

108.

- ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me  
abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay on all around I see ;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with  
me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



326

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

327

6s &amp; 4s.

THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

- 2 As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to his Father's hands  
His parting soul resign'd ;
- 3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into his sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath his eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;
- 5 Save that his will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live : yet now  
Not I, but he,  
In all his power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

328

8s &amp; 7s.

- J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us ;  
Bless thy little lambs to-night ;  
Through the darkness be thou near us ;  
Keep us safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led us,  
And we thank thee for thy care ;  
Kindly thou hast clothed us, fed us,  
Listen to our evening prayer !
  - 3 May our sins be all forgiven ;  
Bless the friends we love so well ;  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

329

8s &amp; 7s.

"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest."

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us ;  
 Now we lay us down to rest,  
 Through the silent watches guard us,  
 Let no foe our peace molest ;  
 Jesus, thou our Guardian be ;  
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
 In thine arms may we repose,  
 And, when life's sad day is past,  
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

330

SIX 8s.

"The Lord is my light."

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :  
 Thy word into our minds instil ;  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
 With lowly love and fervent will.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark  
 night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
 And thou hast taken count of all,  
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark  
 night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
 True absolution and release ;  
 And bless us, more than in past days,  
 With purity and inward peace.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,

Sweet fear, and sober liberty,

And simple hearts without alloy

That only long to be like thee.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd ;

And care is light, for thou hast cared ;

Ah ! never let our works be soil'd

With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,

The sinful, unto thee we call ;

O let thy mercy make us glad ;

Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

331

7s, 6s, & 8s.

THE day is past and over :

All thanks, O Lord, to thee !

I pray thee now that sinless

The hours of dark may be.

O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,

And save me through the coming night !

2 The joys of day are over :

I lift my heart to thee :

And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of dark may be.  
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
 And guard me through the coming night !

- 3 Be thou my soul's Preserver,  
 O God ! for thou dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which I have to go.  
 Lover of men, O hear my call,  
 And guard and save me from them all !

332

8s &amp; 4s.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

**G**OD, who madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light ;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night ;  
 May thine angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night.

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
 And, when we die,  
 May we in thy mighty keeping  
 All peaceful lie :  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,  
 But to reign in glory take us  
 With thee on high.

333

P. M.

"The True Light."

**H**AIL, gladdening Light, of his pure glory  
 pour'd  
 Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,  
 Holiest of holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

- 2 Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,  
 The lights of evening round us shine,  
 We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
 divine.
- 3 Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung  
 With undefilèd tongue,  
 Son of our God, Giver of life, alone ;  
 Therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord,  
 they own.

334

SIX ROS.

- THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight  
 glows :
- O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou  
 Eternal Light of light, be with us now :  
 Where thou art present darkness cannot be :  
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend :  
 O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our Guide,  
 Be thou our Light in death's dark eventide ;  
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear  
 Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,  
 Come, Lord, in lonésome days, when storms  
 assail,  
 And earthly hopes and human succours fail :  
 When all is dark may we behold thee nigh,  
 And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;

In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise awaken'd by thy call,  
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

335

SIX 7s.

*Saturday Evening.*

SAFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On th' approaching holy day ;  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest !

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
Through the week our praise demand ;  
Guarded by almighty pow'r,  
Fed and guided by his hand :  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
And repaying love with sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
Show thy reconcilèd face,  
Drive away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near ;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in thy house appear :  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;



Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints;  
 Such the days of rest we love,  
 Till we join the Church above.

336

L. M.

*Sunday Evening.*

L ORD, when this holy morning broke  
 O'er island, continent, and deep,  
 Thy far-spread family awoke,  
 All round the world, the feast to keep.

- 2 From east to west the sun survey'd,  
 From north to south, adoring throngs;  
 And still where evening stretch'd her shade,  
 And stars came forth, were heard their songs.
- 3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
 Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain;  
 To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,  
 Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 4 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,  
 Thy chasten'd ones have kiss'd the rod,  
 The mourner thou hast comforted,  
 The pure in heart have seen their God.

337

L. M.

THE SEVEN HOURS.

*Before Dawn.*

T HE wingèd herald of the day  
 Proclaims the morn's approaching ray:  
 So Christ the Lord renews his call,  
 To endless life awakening all.

- 2 "Take up thy bed," to each he cries,  
Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies :  
"Be chaste, and, living soberly,  
Watch ye ! for I the Lord am nigh."
- 3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,  
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer ;  
While supplication, pure and deep,  
Forbids each chasten'd heart to sleep.

*First Hour.*

- 1 DAWN purples all the east with light ;  
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright ;  
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin ;  
Farewell to darkness and to sin !
- 2 Each evil dream of night, depart,  
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart !  
Let every ill that darkness brought  
Beneath its shade, now come to naught !
- 3 So that last morning, dread and great,  
Which we with trembling hope await,  
With blessed light for us shall glow,  
Who chant the song we learnt below.

*Third Hour.*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,  
And God the Father, ever One ;  
Shed forth thy grace within our breast,  
And dwell with us, a ready Guest.
- 2 By every power, by heart and tongue,  
By act and deed, thy praise be sung ;  
Inflame with perfect love each sense,  
That others' souls may kindle thence.

- 3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
Shall live and reign eternally.

*Sixth Hour.*

- 1 O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,  
Who, ordering time and change aright,  
Sendest the early morning ray,  
Kindling the glow of perfect day,
- 2 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,  
And banish every ill desire :  
And, keeping all the body whole,  
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.
- 3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
Shall live and reign eternally.

*Ninth Hour.*

- 1 O GOD ! creation's secret force,  
Thyself unmoved, all motion's source,  
Who, from the morn till evening's ray,  
Through all its changes guidest the day,
- 2 Grant us, when this short life is past,  
The glorious evening that shall last ;  
That, by a holy death attain'd,  
Eternal glory may be gain'd.
- 3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
Shall live and reign eternally.

C. M.

*Sunset.*

- 1 As now the sun's declining rays  
Towards the eve descend,  
E'en so our years are sinking down  
To their appointed end.
- 2 Lord, on the Cross thine arms were stretch'd,  
To draw thy people nigh ;  
O grant us then that Cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.
- 3 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel host.

L. M.

*Night Watch.*

- 1 BEFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world, we pray,  
That with thy wonted favour, thou  
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.
- 2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
From fears and terrors of the night ;  
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
That spot of sin we may not know.
- 3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally.

VIII.—*THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

338

C. M.

From the xv. Psalm.

**G**OD'S perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.

- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands, in search of truth,  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid ;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd ;
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refined with skill ;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,  
And friendly warning give :  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by thy precepts live.

339

C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm.

**I**NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,  
Thy righteous paths display ;  
And I from them, through all my life,  
Will never go astray.

- 2 If thou true wisdom from above  
Wilt graciously impart,  
To keep thy perfect laws I will  
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways  
To which thy precepts lead ;  
Because my chief delight has been  
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands  
Incline my willing heart ;  
Let no desire of worldly wealth  
From thee my thoughts divert.

340

C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm.

- T**HY word is to my feet a lamp,  
The way of truth to show ;  
A watch-light, to point out the path  
In which I ought to go.
- 2 I've vow'd—and from my covenant, Lord,  
Will never start aside—  
That in thy righteous judgments I  
Will steadfastly abide.
  - 3 Let still my sacrifice of praise  
With thee acceptance find ;  
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,  
Instruct my willing mind.
  - 4 Thy testimonies I have made  
My heritage and choice ;  
For they, when other comforts fail,  
My drooping heart rejoice.
  - 5 My heart with early zeal began  
Thy statutes to obey ;

And, till my course of life is done,  
Shall keep thine upright way.

341

C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

342

L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanced on ev'ry land.



- 4 Nor will thy spreading Gospel rest,  
'Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven :  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

343

C. M.

- A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun :  
It gives a light to every age :  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat :  
His truths upon the nations rise ;  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory break upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

344

S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way !  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

- 2 But where the Gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions given !  
 O may we never read in vain,  
 But find the path to heaven.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,  
 And I would fain obey ;  
 Send thy good Spirit from above,  
 To guide me, lest I stray.

345

C. M.

“ The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.”

THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
 Which heavenly truth imparts,  
 And all the lore its scholars need,  
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God; above, below,  
 Within us and around,  
 Are pages in that book to show  
 How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
 Is like the Maker's love,  
 Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
 In peace and order move.

- 4 The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run ;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns his holy hill ;  
The saints, like stars, around his seat  
Perform their courses still.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

346

7s &amp; 6s.

- O WORD of God incarnate,  
O wisdom from on high,  
O truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky !  
We praise thee for the radiance  
That from the hallow'd page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurl'd,  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world ;

It is the chart and compass  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
 Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

- 4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of burnish'd gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old ;  
 O teach thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see thee face to face.
- 

### IX.—REDEMPTION.

347

C. M.

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,  
 Glad tidings to our ears ;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation ! Buried once in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But now we rise, by grace divine,  
 And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! Let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around ;  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
 To thee the praise belongs :

Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,  
Thy Name inspire our songs.

[*Chorus for the end of each verse.*]

Glory, honour, praise, and power  
Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

348

L. M.

ALL glorious God, what hymn of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise !  
What ardent love and zeal are due,  
While heaven stands open to our view !

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low !  
Just on the brink of endless woe :  
When Jesus, from the realms above,  
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,  
And spread around his heavenly light :  
By him what wondrous grace is shown  
To souls impoverish'd and undone !

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,  
A bright inheritance as ours ;  
Where saints in light our coming wait  
To share their holy, happy state.

349

C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name  
Awake the sacred song ;  
O may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display !  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die :  
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay.  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue ;  
Till strangers love thy charming Name,  
And join the sacred song.

## 350

8s &amp; 7s.

- S AVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays :  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;

Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home

351

7s.

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,  
Who, from yon bright throne above,  
Ever watchful o'er our race,  
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,  
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;  
What are we that he should show  
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name,  
Let his glory be thy theme :  
Praise him till he calls thee home,  
Trust his love for all to come.

352

S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the means that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.



- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

353

SIX 8s.

- PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
 Hath taught each scene the note of woe ;  
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
 And let thy tears forget to flow :  
 Behold, the precious balm is found,  
 To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,  
 On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
 In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
 Safe in the mercy of thy God :  
 Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word ;  
 O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

354

L. M.

From the xxxii. Psalm.

- H'E'S blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,  
 No more in judgment to appear,  
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,  
 And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,  
 The guilt that tortured me within,  
 But thy forgiveness interposed,  
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,  
 The harden'd sinner shall confound ;  
 But them who in his truth confide,  
 Blessings of mercy shall surround.

- 4 His saints that have perform'd his laws,  
 Their life in triumph shall employ ;  
 Let them, as they alone have cause,  
 In grateful raptures shout for joy.

355

S. M.

ALL ye who seek for sure relief  
 In trouble and distress,  
 Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
 Or guilt the soul oppress :

- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you,  
 Upon the Cross to die,  
 Opens to you his sacred heart :  
 O to that heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;  
 Ye hear his words so blest :  
 "All ye that labour come to me,  
 And I will give you rest."
- 4 O Jesus, joy of saints on high,  
 Thou hope of sinners here,  
 Attracted by those loving words,  
 To thee I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood  
 Which forth from thee doth flow ;  
 New grace, new hope inspire ; a new  
 And better heart bestow.

356

L. M.

Job ix. 30-33.

AH, not like erring man is God,  
 That men to answer him should dare ;  
 Condemn'd, and into silence awed,  
 They helpless stand before his bar.

- 2 'There must a Mediator plead,  
 Who, God and man, may both embrace;  
 With God for man to intercede,  
 And offer man the purchased grace.
- 3 And lo! the Son of God is slain  
 To be this Mediator crown'd:  
 In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
 In him thy righteousness be found.

357

8s &amp; 6s.

- O COULD we speak the matchless worth,  
 O could we sound the glories forth,  
 Which in our Saviour shine,  
 We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne:  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 We would, to everlasting days,  
 Make all his glories known.
- 3 O the delightful day will come,  
 When Christ our Lord will bring us home,  
 And we shall see his face;  
 Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity we'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

358

8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore:  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 And his heart with love runs o'er;

He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;  
On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finish'd !"   
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 5 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
Venture on him—venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful courts of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name ;  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners here may sing the same.

359

S. M.

Job ix. 2-6.

AH, how shall fallen man  
 Be just before his God !  
 If he contend in righteousness,  
 We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,  
 With strict inquiring eyes,  
 Could we for one of thousand faults  
 A just excuse devise ?

3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
 Who can with thee contend ?  
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife,  
 Shall prosper in the end ?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
 Their ancient seats forsake :  
 The trembling earth deserts her place,  
 Her rooted pillars shake :

5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
 Contend with such a God ?  
 None, none can meet him, and escape,  
 But through the Saviour's blood.

360

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

361

P. M.

THE voice of free grace  
 Cries, Escape to the mountain ;  
 For Adam's lost race  
 Christ hath opened a fountain :  
 For sin and uncleanness  
 And every transgression,  
 His blood flows most freely  
 In streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb  
 Who hath bought us our pardon ;  
 We'll praise him again  
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,  
 To Jesus repair ;  
 He calls you in mercy,  
 And can you forbear ?  
 Though your sins be as scarlet,  
 Still flee to the mountain,  
 That blood can remove them  
 Which streams from this fountain.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 O Jesus ! ride onward,  
Triumphantly glorious ;  
O'er sin, death, and hell  
Thou'rt more than victorious ;  
Thy Name is the theme  
Of the great congregation,  
While angels and saints  
Raise the shout of salvation.  
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 With joy shall we stand  
When escaped to that shore ;  
With our harps in our hand  
We will praise him the more ;  
We'll range the sweet fields  
On the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation  
For ever and ever.  
Hallelujah, &c.

362

C. M.

- WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a piercèd hand,  
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow smites the laden heart,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul, dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,



His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,  
And feeleth for our grief.

- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord !  
Unseal that cleansing tide :  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in thy wounded side.

363

C. M.

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on his head !

- 2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

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X.—*THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

REPENTANCE.

364

L. M.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin :  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song :  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

365

L. M.

- STAY, thou long-suffering Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
And long in vain thy grace received ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare,  
In honour of my great High-priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;  
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

366

L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone,  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
The light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

367

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
And should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save the trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## 368

C. M.

- O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,  
My Rock and Hiding-place,  
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,  
I seek thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord ! I cry ;  
Pursued by foes, I come ;  
A sinner, save me, or I die ;  
An outcast, take me home.
  - 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,  
Let storms come on amain ;  
There danger never, never harms ;  
There death itself is gain.
  - 4 And when I stand before thy throne,  
And all thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in thee.

## FAITH.

369

P. M.

A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,  
 On which our souls are planted :  
 And though the fierce foe rage abroad,  
 Our hearts are nothing daunted.  
     What though he beset,  
     With weapon and net,  
     Array'd in death-strife ?  
     In God are help and life :  
 He is our sword and armour.

- 2 By our own might we naught can do ;  
     To trust it were sure losing ;  
 For us must fight the Right and True,  
     The Man of God's own choosing.  
     Dost ask for his name ?  
     Christ Jesus we claim ;  
     The Lord God of hosts ;  
     The only God : vain boasts  
 Of others fall before him.
- 3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd  
     The world with hostile forces ?  
 E'en then our fears should all be still'd :  
     In God are our resources.  
     The world and its king  
     No terrors can bring :  
     Their threats are no worth :  
     Their doom is now gone forth :  
 A single word can quell them.
- 4 God's word through all shall have free sway,  
     And ask no man's permission :  
 The Spirit and his gifts convey  
     Strength to defy perdition.

The body to kill,  
 Wife, children, at will,  
 The wicked have power :  
 Yet lasts it but an hour !  
 The kingdom's ours for ever !

370

C. M.

Rom. viii. 31-34.

- O** LET triumphant faith dispel  
 The fears of guilt and woe :  
 If God be for us, God the Lord,  
 Who, who shall be our foe ?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
 To death, that we might live,  
 Shall he not all things freely grant  
 That boundless love can give ?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse ?  
 'Tis God hath justified ;  
 Who now his people shall condemn ?  
 The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath risen again,  
 Triumphant from the grave ;  
 At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
 Omnipotent to save.

371

SIX 7S.

- R**OCK of Agés, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,

This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy Cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

372

C. M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
“ For me the Saviour died.”

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin !  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul is love.

373

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place,  
My never-failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace,
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although by sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought :  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 'Till then, I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

374

8s &amp; 6s.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and foes without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

375

8s &amp; 4s.

- JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast myself on thee:  
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewilder'd on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;

O send thou forth some cheering ray:  
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

## 376

## EIGHT 7s.

*Christ our Refuge.*

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my hope from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

377

I IS.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to  
shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

PRAYER.

378

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place ;  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died !"

## 379

C. M.

- L ORD, teach us now to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear :  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong desiring confidence  
To hear thy voice and live ;
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 4 Give these, and then thy will be done ;  
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,  
We, by the Spirit of thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

380

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

381

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place than all besides more sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sense and sin molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

382

C. M.

“ And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.”

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day :  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit's interceding grace  
Give us the faith to claim ;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden Name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
“ I will not let thee go :
- 5 “ I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy Name to me ;



With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee."

383

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
The watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;  
They're one in word and mind,  
When with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## PRAISE.

384

L. M.

From the lxxv. Psalm.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise  
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;  
Our promised altars there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous vows complete.

- 2 Thou, who to every humble prayer  
Dost always bend thy listening ear,  
To thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Bless'd is the man who, near thee placed,  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !  
'Tis there abundantly we taste  
The vast delights thy temple gives.

385

5s &amp; 6s.

From the cxlix. Psalm.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,  
Prepare your glad voice  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing :  
In their great Creator  
Let Israel rejoice ;  
And children of Sion  
Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great Name  
Extol in their songs,

With hearts well attuned  
 His praises express ;  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 To hear their glad tongues,  
 And waits with salvation  
 The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd,  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, who their heads  
 With safety doth shield ;  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His favour shall bring :  
 O therefore for ever  
 All praise to him yield !

386

7s.

From the cvii. Psalm.

**M**AGNIFY Jehovah's Name ;  
 For his mercies ever sure,  
 From eternity the same,  
 To eternity endure.

- 2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,  
 Gather'd out of every land,  
 As the people of his choice,  
 Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,  
 In the lonely waste they roam,  
 Hungry, fainting by the way,  
 Far from refuge, shelter, home :
- 4 To the Lord their God they cry ;  
 He inclines a gracious ear,  
 Sends deliverance from on high,  
 Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow ;  
Where from verdant hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,  
For his goodness to their race ;  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace !

387

L. M.

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy Name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

388

L. M.

From the civ. Psalm.

BLESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone  
 Possessest empire without bounds,  
 With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne  
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
 And glory for a garment take ;  
 Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,  
 Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms  
 His palace-chambers in the skies ;  
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,  
 His ministers heaven's palace fill ;  
 They have their sundry tasks assign'd,  
 All prompt to do their sovereign's will.
- 5 In praising God while he prolongs  
 My breath, I will that breath employ ;  
 And join devotion to my songs,  
 Sincere, as in him is my joy.

389

L. M.

From the cl. Psalm.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place  
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;  
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face,  
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
 Which he in our behalf has done ;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.

- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;  
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
To cymbals set their songs of praise—  
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those  
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he does to them afford,  
In just returns of praise employ :  
Let every creature praise the Lord !

## 390

6s &amp; 4s.

From the cxlviii. Psalm.

- Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame :  
Your voices raise,  
Ye cherubim  
And seraphim,  
To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To him your homage pay :  
His praise declare,  
Ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.
  - 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,

By whose almighty word  
 They all from nothing came;  
 And all shall last  
 From changes free;  
 His firm decree  
 Stands ever fast.

391

C. M.

From the xxxiv. Psalm.

**T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distress'd  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his Name:  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 The angel of the Lord encamps  
 Around the good and just;  
 Deliverance he affords to all  
 Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love,  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 Your wants shall be his care.



## 392

L. M.

From the c. Psalm.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
 And sing before him songs of praise.

- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed ;  
 We, whom he chooses for his own,  
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,  
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;  
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
 And still his Name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
 His mercy is for ever sure :  
 His truth, which always firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

## 393

L. M.

From the lvii. Psalm.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,  
 Its thankful tribute to present ;  
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,  
 No longer let your strings be mute :  
 And I, my tuneful part to take,  
 Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
 To all the listening nations round :  
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,  
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
 And as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

394

S. M.

From the ciii. Psalm.

- O BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
 His grace to thee proclaim ;  
 And all that is within me, join  
 To bless his holy Name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
 His mercies bear in mind ;  
 Forget not all his benefits,  
 Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins,  
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
 He healeth thine infirmities,  
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He feeds thee with his love,  
 Upholds thee with his truth ;  
 And, like the eagle's, he renews  
 The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,  
 His grace, his love proclaim ;  
 Let all that is within me, join  
 To bless his holy Name.

395

L. M.

From the cvi. Psalm.

- O RENDER thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love ;  
 Whose mercy firm through ages past  
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,  
His Name eternally confess'd;  
Let all his saints, with full accord,  
Sing loud amens, Praise ye the Lord!

## 396

SIX 8s.

From the cxlvi. Psalm.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;  
His truth for ever stands secure,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

## 397

L. M.

From the xcvi. Psalm.

J EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth  
In his just government rejoice;  
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,  
In his applause unite their voice.

- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade  
 His dazzling glory shroud in state ;  
 Judgment and righteousness are made  
 The habitation of his seat.
- 3 For thou, O God, art seated high,  
 Above earth's potentates enthroned ;  
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,  
 Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

398

C. M.

From the xxviii. Psalm.

A DORED for ever be the Lord ;  
 His praise I will resound,  
 From whom the cries of my distress  
 A gracious answer found.

- 2 He is my strength and shield ; my heart  
 Has trusted in his Name ;  
 And now relieved, my heart, with joy,  
 His praises shall proclaim.
- 3 The Lord, the everlasting God,  
 Is my defence and rock,  
 The saving health, the saving strength,  
 Of his anointed flock.
- 4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,  
 Thy heritage preserve ;  
 Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,  
 That they may never swerve.

399

8s &amp; 6s.

Psalm cxlviii.

*Praise from Living Creatures.*

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's Name :

Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all the adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,  
That wings the air or treads the plains,  
United praise bestow :  
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,  
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,  
And in the deeps below.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread his tremendous Name around,  
While heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

400

7s.

*Songs of Praise.*

SONGS of praise the angels sang ;  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :

God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

401

L. M.

“ O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.”

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
Without our aid he did us make :  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
 From men and from the angel host,  
 Be praise and glory evermore.

## 402

L. M.

From the xciii. Psalm.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns  
 The world's foundation strongly laid,  
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne !  
 Which shall no change or period see ;  
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
 But God above can still their noise,  
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
 And they that in thy house would dwell,  
 That happy station to secure,  
 Must still in holiness excel.

## 403

8s &amp; 7s.

From the cxlv. Psalm.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,  
 Ever will I bless thy Name ;  
 Day by day thy throne addressing,  
 Still will I thy praise proclaim.

- 2 Honour great our God befitteth ;  
 Who his majesty can reach ?  
 Age to age his works transmitteth,  
 Age to age his power shall teach.



- 3 They shall talk of all thy glory,  
On thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of thy dread acts the story,  
And thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
Works by love and mercy wrought—  
Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation;  
All his works his goodness prove.
- 6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,  
Thee shall all thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess thee,  
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

404

C. M.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from the altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown him Lord of all!

- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

405

P. M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise :  
 Alleluia.

For the glory of their King,  
 Shall the ransomed people sing ;  
 Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high  
 Shall re-echo through the sky,  
 Alleluia.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,  
 The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,  
 Alleluia.

- 2 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,  
 The shining constellations, join and say,  
 Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
 Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,  
 Ye winds on pinions light,  
 Ye lightnings wildly bright,  
 In sweet consent unite  
 Your alleluia.

- 3 Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and summer glow,  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing  
Alleluia.  
First let the birds, with painted plumage gay  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,  
Alleluia.
- 4 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn and cry again,  
Alleluia.  
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,  
Alleluia.  
Here let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,  
Alleluia.  
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry,  
Alleluia.  
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,  
Alleluia.
- 5 To God who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid,  
Alleluia.  
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord  
Almighty loves,  
Alleluia.  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ  
the King approves,  
Alleluia.  
Therefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,  
Alleluia ;  
And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpour'd  
Alleluia to the Lord :  
With alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore :  
Praise be done to the Three in One !  
Alleluia ! alleluia ! alleluia ! Amen.

406

C. M.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face ;  
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
 Has made my cup run o'er ;  
 And in a kind and faithful friend  
 Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more,  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 But O eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

407

8s &amp; 7s.

L ORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Heaven is still with anthems ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high !"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises  
 Let our fervent tongues unite,  
 While our thoughts his greatness raises,  
 And our love his gifts excite.  
 With his seraph train before him,  
 With his holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore him,  
 Bid we thus our anthems flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
 We adopt the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy,"—blessing  
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !

**A**WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :  
 He justly claims a song from thee ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
 He saved me from my lost estate ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along ;  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving-kindness, O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart,  
But though I oft have him forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death !

409

6s &amp; 4s.

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise !  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign o'er us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword ;  
Our prayer attend ;  
Come, and thy people bless ;  
Come, give thy word success ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour :



Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

- 4 To thee, great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore ;  
 Thy sov'reign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

410

108 &amp; 78.

"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia."

SING alleluia forth in duteous praise,  
 O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise  
 An endless alleluia.

- 2 Ye next, who stand before th' Eternal Light,  
 In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
 An endless alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,  
 And with glad songs resounding wake again  
 An endless alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
 An endless alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in  
 bliss,  
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
 An endless alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
 The strains which tell the honour of your King,  
 An endless alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,  
This is the food and drink which none shall  
lack,

An endless alleluia.

8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we  
praise

For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore ; to thee we bring  
An endless alleluia.

411

8s & 7s.

ALLELUIA ! song of gladness,  
Voice of everlasting joy :  
Alleluia ! sound the sweetest  
Heard among the choirs on high,  
Hymning in God's blissful mansion  
Day and night incessantly.

2 Alleluia ! Church victorious,  
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain :  
Alleluia ! songs of triumph  
Well befit the ransomed train.  
Faint and feeble are our praises  
While in exile we remain.

3 Alleluia ! songs of gladness  
Suit not always souls forlorn,  
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness  
'Midst our joyful strains are borne ;  
For in this dark world of sorrow  
We with tears our sins must mourn.

- 4 Praises with our prayers uniting,  
 Hear us, blessed Trinity;  
 Bring us to thy blissful presence,  
 There the Paschal Lamb to see,  
 Then to thee our alleluia  
 Singing everlastingly.

## 412

8s &amp; 7s.

- ANGEL bands, in strains sweet sounding,  
 Anthems to the Saviour raise :  
 Host of heaven, his throne surrounding,  
 Hymn the great Creator's praise.
- 2 Radiant orb of day, adore him,  
 Praise him, thou who rul'st the night;  
 Heaven of heavens, O bow before him,  
 Laud him, all ye worlds of light.
- 3 Praise him, wild and restless ocean,  
 Praise him, monsters of the deep;  
 Praise him in your rude commotion,  
 Storms that at his mandate sweep.
- 4 Hills and mountains, heavenward towering,  
 Fires that in their bosom glow;  
 Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,  
 Torrents down their steeps that flow;
- 5 Verdant fields and valleys blooming,  
 Insect myriads, own his care;  
 Wild beasts through the forests roaming,  
 Warbling tenants of the air,
- 6 Kings and rulers, shout his glory,  
 People, join the loud acclaim,  
 Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary,  
 Infants, lisp his holy Name.

- 7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
Him who gave you life adore ;  
Earth and heaven, and all creation,  
Praise his Name for evermore.

## SELF-CONSECRATION.

413

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

414

C. M. DOUBLE.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer :  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do—  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill :  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Ready to take up and sustain  
The consecrated Cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less ;  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great Name ;  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me ;

My succour and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from thee ;  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into thy perfect love.

## TRUST.

415

C. M.

From the cxxv. Psalm.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,  
 Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
 Like her immovable be fix'd  
 By his almighty hand.

- 2 Look how the hills on every side  
 Jerusalem enclose ;  
 So stands the Lord around his saints,  
 To guard them from their foes.

416

L. M.

From the xviii. Psalm.

NO change of time shall ever shock  
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
 For thou hast always been my rock,  
 A fortress and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;  
 My trust is in thy mighty power :  
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee I will address my prayer,  
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;  
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,  
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

417

C. M.

From the xxiii. Psalm.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;  
The shepherd, by whose constant care  
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,  
And gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,  
And, to his endless praise,  
Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free ;  
For there his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

418

L. M.

From the lxii. Psalm.

MY soul, for help on God rely,  
On him alone thy trust repose ;  
My rock and health will strength supply  
To bear the shock of all my foes.

- 2 God does his saving health dispense,  
And flowing blessings daily send ;  
He is my fortress and defence,  
On him my soul shall still depend.



- 3 In him, ye people, always trust ;  
 Before his throne pour out your hearts :  
 For God, the merciful and just,  
 His timely aid to us imparts.

419

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
 My humble prayer, arise :

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend :  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

420

7s.

'TIS my happiness below  
 Not to live without the Cross ;  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscribed upon them all—  
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no chastening here,  
 Find no trials by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
 I should be a castaway ?

- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
     Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
     Lay me low and keep me there.

421

8s &amp; 6s.

Habakkuk iii. 17-19.

- A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
 The budding fig tree droop and die,  
     No oil the olive yield ;  
 Yet will I trust me in my God,  
 Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
     And by his grace be heal'd.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,  
 By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
     Or parch'd by scorching beam ;  
 Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
 My joy ; for, though his frown is just,  
     His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the folds the flock decay,  
 Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
     And round the empty stall ;  
 My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
 Its better joys are in the skies ;  
     There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,  
 I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
     Nay, triumph in his love :  
 My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
 Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,  
     To speed my course above.

422

L. M.

- IS there a lone and dreary hour,  
When worldly pleasures lose their power?  
My Father! let me turn to thee,  
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,  
When hope is all my soul's employ?  
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,  
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 3 Is there a time of racking grief,  
Which scorns the prospect of relief?  
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,  
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,  
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,  
The glow of life, the dying hour,  
Shall own, O God! thy grace and power.

423

C. M.

- WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see:  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storms shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart will rest on thee.

424

C. M.

O THOU whose sacred feet have trod  
The thorny path of woe ;  
Forbid that I should slight the rod,  
Or faint beneath the blow.

2 My spirit to its chastening stroke  
I meekly would resign ;  
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke  
That tells me I am thine.

3 Give me the spirit of thy trust,  
To suffer as a son,  
To say, though lying in the dust,  
"My Father's will be done."

4 I know that trial works for ends  
Too high for sense to trace,  
That oft in dark attire he sends  
Some embassy of grace.

5 May none depart till I have gain'd  
The blessing which it bears,  
And learn, though late, I entertain'd  
An angel unawares.

- 6 So shall I bless the hour that sent  
 The mercy of the rod,  
 And built an altar by the tent  
 Where I have met with God.

425

6s &amp; 5s.

- I**N the hour of trial,  
 Jesus, pray for me ;  
 Lest by base denial  
 I depart from thee ;  
 When thou see'st me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor for fear or favour  
 Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm ;  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm ;  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance,  
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.
- 3 Should thy mercy send me  
 Sorrow, toil, and woe ;  
 Or should pain attend me  
 On my path below ;  
 Grant that I may never  
 Fail thy hand to see ;  
 Grant that I may ever  
 Cast my care on thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,  
 Fraught with strife and pain,  
 When my dust returneth  
 To the dust again ;

On thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

## HOPE.

426

L. M.

From the lxxiii. Psalm.

THY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,  
Thou my right hand support dost give ;  
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,  
And then to glory me receive.

- 2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,  
Have I, whose favour I require ?  
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,  
Compared with thee, that I desire.
- 3 My trembling flesh and aching heart  
May often fail to succour me ;  
But God shall inward strength impart,  
And my eternal portion be.

427

7s &amp; 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy destined place :  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon thy Saviour will return,  
To take thee to the skies :

There is everlasting peace,  
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven ;  
 There will sorrow ever cease,  
 And crowns of joy be given.

428

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey let us sing ;  
 Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,  
 Christ our Advocate was made ;  
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
 Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

429

L. M.

AS, when the weary traveller gains  
 The height of some commanding hill,  
 His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
 He sees his home, though distant still ;

- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
 By faith his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.



- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assured thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labours of the road.

430

C. M.

From the xlii. Psalm.

- A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase ;  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
  - 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God ; who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
  - 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To my oppressor's scorn ?
  - 5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,  
While thus my foes upbraid :  
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?  
And where his promised aid ?"

- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

431

SIX 8s.

Psalm xlii.

- AS, panting in the sultry beam,  
 The hart desires the cooling stream,  
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee;  
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,  
 And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,  
 And tears on tears successive roll;  
 For many an evil voice is near  
 To chide my woe and mock my fear;  
 And silent memory weeps alone  
 O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round  
 That 'circles Sion's holy ground,  
 And gladly swell'd the choral lays  
 That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,  
 What time the hallow'd arches rung  
 Responsive to the solemn song.
- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress,  
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?  
 Turn, turn to him, in every pain,  
 Whom suppliants never sought in vain,  
 Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,  
 Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

432

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all ;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

LOVE.

433

8s &amp; 7s.

L ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
 For the bliss thy love bestows,  
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows:  
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;  
 This dull soul to rapture raise:  
 Thou must light the flame, or never  
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away;

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express :  
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

434

C. M.

JESUS ! the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast ;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.

- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind thou art !  
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus ! our only joy be thou,  
 As thou our prize wilt be ;  
 Jesus ! be thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

435

C. M.

MY God, I love thee—not because  
I hope for heaven thereby :  
Nor yet because, if I love not,  
I must for ever die.

- 2 But, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
E'en death itself ; and all for one  
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ !  
Should I not love thee well ?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord !
- 6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing ;  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

436

L. M.

THOU, whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?

- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

437

8s &amp; 7s.

- L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Live in us, thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all thy peace inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thine host above;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy boundless love.
  - 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly restored in thee.  
Changed from glory unto glory,  
Till in heaven our songs we raise;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

438

C. M.

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

MY God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !

2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord ;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

4 O how I fear thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears !

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as thou art,  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

439

L. M. 6L.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,  
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all my works, and thee alone :  
Thee will I love, till sacred fire  
Fill my whole soul with pure desire.



- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright beams on me have shined :  
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;  
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
 Still to press forward in thy way ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;  
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !  
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.  
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?  
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

440

10s &amp; 6s.

**I** LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,  
 For I have none to give ;  
 I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,  
 For by thy life I live ;  
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be  
 Emptied, and lost, and swallow'd up in thee.

- 2 Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,  
 And there is none beside ;  
 From thee the streams of blessedness proceed,  
 In thee the blest abide :  
 Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,  
 Our Source, our Centre, and our Dwelling-place.

441

C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine :  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet thou art oft with me ;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot  
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravish'd soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love thee, dearest Lord ! and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall thee reveal,  
All glorious as thou art !

JOY.

442

S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

- 3 The God of heaven is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,  
Then waft our souls above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 6 Children of grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
Were marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

443

8s &amp; 7s.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
And he is mine for ever.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,

And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,  
But yet in love he sought me,  
And on his shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth,  
And O the transport of delight  
With which my cup o'erfloweth !

6 And so, through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never ;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house for ever !

444

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Who liveth evermore ;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come!"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.

## HUMILITY.

445

7s.

From the cxxxi. Psalm.

LORD, for ever at thy side  
 Let my place and portion be :  
 Strip me of the robe of pride,  
 Clothe me with humility.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive  
 All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;  
 Thou hast spoken—I believe,  
 Though the oracle be seal'd.
- 3 Humble as a little child,  
 Weanèd from the mother's breast,  
 By no subtleties beguiled,  
 On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel ! now and evermore  
 In the Lord Jehovah trust ;  
 Him, in all his ways, adore,  
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

446

SIX 7s.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art ;  
 Make me as a little child ;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive ;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;  
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;  
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone,  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

## PEACE.

447

C. M.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free !  
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
 So freely shed for me ;
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne ;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean ;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—  
 A copy, Lord, of thine !

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
 Come quickly from above ;  
 Write thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

448

C. M.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,  
 And pastures ever green,  
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
 Or night, is never seen.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
 In God's own light, it lies ;  
 His smile its vast dimension fills  
 With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
 Divides that land from this ;  
 I have a Shepherd pledged to save,  
 And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,  
 In life's last struggling breath ;  
 But I shall only seem to die,  
 I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be  
 Exempt from toil and strife ;  
 To spend eternity with thee,—  
 My Saviour, this is life !

COURAGE.

449

8s &amp; 7s.

GOD shall charge his angel legions  
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;  
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,  
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.



- 2 On the lion vainly roaring,  
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;  
And, the dragon's den exploring,  
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of his protection  
He will shield thee from above.
- 4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,  
He will hearken, he will save ;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

450

S. M.

- M**Y soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and strive, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
  - 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armour down :  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
  - 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

451

C. M.

A M I a soldier of the Cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 With faith's enraptured eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thine armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

452

5s &amp; 6s.

B REATHE the name, Christian,  
 When it is strongest;  
 Watch for day, Christian,  
 When night is longest;  
 Onward and onward still  
 Be thine endeavour;

Seek the rest that remains  
To thee for ever.

- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee ;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee ;  
He who hath promised it  
Faltereth never ;  
He who hath loosed so well,  
Looseth for ever.

- 3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth ;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it repositeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Let not death sever ;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise him for ever.

#### ACTION.

453

C. M.

SUPREME in wisdom as in power,  
The Rock of Ages stands ;  
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace  
The working of his hands.

- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.

- 4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread  
 The path of life divine ;  
 With growing ardour onward move,  
 With growing brightness shine.
- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar  
 On wings of faith and love ;  
 Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,  
 They rise to heaven above.

454

C. M.

"Forgetting those things which are behind."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

**A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey ;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high,  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

455

S. M.

**A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify ;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky :

- 2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil :  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live,  
And, O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely :  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

456

7s, 6s, &amp; 8s.

- SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,  
And sin's strong fetters broke,  
Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my easy yoke :  
Joyful now my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward,  
All the work I do below  
Is light, for such a Lord.
- 2 To the desert or the cell  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Nor fear its enmity ;  
Here I find a house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire ;  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsumed in fire.
  - 3 O that all the world might know  
Of living, Lord, to thee,  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here thy goodness see ;

Walk in all the works prepared  
 By thee to exercise their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
 And see thee face to face !

457

S. M.

Philippians ii. 12, 13.

**H**EIRS of unending life,  
 While yet we sojourn here,  
 O let us our salvation work  
 With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts  
 With might before unknown ;  
 The work to be perform'd is ours,  
 The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,  
 'Tis he that works to do ;  
 His is the power by which we act,  
 His be the glory too !

458

7s.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

**O**FT in danger, oft in woe,  
 Onward, Christians, onward go :  
 Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
 Strengthen'd with the Bread of life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
 Let not fear your course impede,  
 Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
 March in heavenly armour clad ;  
 Fight, nor think the battle long,  
 Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward, then, to glory move ;  
 More than conq'rors ye shall prove ;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go !

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
 Father, unto thee we raise :  
 Holy Jesus, praise to thee,  
 With the Spirit, ever be.

---

# XI.—*THE JUDGMENT.*

459

L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 Fully absolved through these I am,  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then this shall be all my plea—  
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
 Let the whole world thy mercy prove ;  
 Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;  
 Now take the spoils of death and hell.



460

S. M.

HOW will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day,  
 When earth and heaven before his face  
 Astonish'd shrink away?

- 2 But ere the trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead,  
 Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound  
 What joyful tidings spread.
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,  
 By which the Saviour bled;  
 And the last awful day shall pour  
 His blessings on your head.

461

8s &amp; 6s.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?  
 The end of things created:  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated.  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead which they contain'd before;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.

- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing.  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created :  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated :  
Beneath his Cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

462

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

- DAY of judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, " 'This God is mine !' "  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea :  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner !  
What will then become of thee ?

- 4 Then to those who have confessèd,  
     Loved, and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
     Take the kingdom I bestow :  
     You for ever  
     Shall my love and glory know."

463

P. M.

- D**AY of wrath ! that day of mourning !  
     See fulfill'd the prophets' warning,  
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
 On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling  
 Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,  
 All before the throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
 All creation is awaking,  
 To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo ! the book exactly worded,  
 Wherein all hath been recorded :  
 Thence shall justice be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,  
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 When shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
 Who for me be interceding,  
 When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,  
 Who dost free salvation send us,  
 Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

- 9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation  
Cost thy wondrous incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me.  
Shall such grace in vain be brought me ?
- 11 Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution  
Grant thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning !
- 13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition ;  
Hopless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying !
- 15 With thy favour'd sheep O place me !  
Nor among the goats abase me ;  
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,  
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,  
Strewn with ashes of contrition ;  
Help me in my lost condition.
- 18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,  
When, in dust no longer sleeping,  
Man awakes in thy dread keeping !

- 19 To the rest thou didst prepare him  
By thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him ;  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.
- 

XII.—*HEAVEN*.

464

C. M.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So, to the Jews, fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross the narrow sea ;  
And linger, trembling, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,

Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

465

C. M.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before ;  
And he that in God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must thy glory be !
- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him !

466

C. M.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies ?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
They fade upon the sight ;  
And quickly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas ! how vain !  
With conscious sighs we own ;  
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain  
O'ershade the smiling noon.

- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy shades,  
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
 Which sorrow ne'er invades,—
- 5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Or reason's feeble ray,  
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
 To guide our upward aim :  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent wishes rise,  
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
 Immortal in the skies.

467

7s.

Rev. vii. 9, etc.

- WHO are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song?—  
 “Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
 New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with his eternal name :  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.



- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
 And for ever, from their eyes,  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

468

7s &amp; 6s.

- BRIEF life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life is there.  
 O happy retribution !  
 Short toil, eternal rest ;  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full, and everlasting,  
 And passionless renown.  
 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows pass away,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.
- 3 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

469

7s &amp; 6s.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion ;  
O Paradise of joy !  
Where tears are ever banish'd,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away.

3 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

470

7s &amp; 6s.

JERUSALEM, the golden !  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, O I know not  
What joys await me there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from toil released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.
- 3 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquer'd in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 O land that seest no sorrow !  
 O state that fear'st no strife !  
 O royal land of flowers !  
 O realm and home of life !
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

471

S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord !  
 Amen, so let it be :  
 Life from the dead is in that word ;  
 'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from him, I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's illumined eye  
 The golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies ;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease,  
 And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
 Expand thy bow of peace.

472

C. M.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !  
 When shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbour of God's saints !  
 O sweet and pleasant soil !  
 In thee no sorrow can be found,  
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;  
 But every soul shines as the sun ;  
 For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,

- Thy gates are all of orient pearl :  
 O God ! if I were there !
- 5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?  
 The King that sitteth on thy throne  
 In his felicity ?
- 6 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green,  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.
- 7 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,  
 The living waters flow,  
 And on the banks, on either side,  
 The trees of life do grow.
- 8 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit ;  
 For evermore they spring,  
 And all the nations of the earth  
 To thee their honours bring.
- 9 O mother dear, Jerusalem !  
 When shall I come to thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

473

P. M.

JERUSALEM ! high tow'r thy glorious walls !  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Desire of thee my longing heart enthrals,  
 Desire at home to be :  
 Wide from the world outleaping,  
 O'er hill and vale and plain,  
 My soul's strong wing is sweeping,  
 Thy portals to attain.

- 2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour !  
When shall that hour have come,  
When my rejoicing soul its own free power  
May use in going home ?  
Itself to Jesus giving,  
In trust to his own hand,  
To dwell among the living,  
In that blest Fatherland.
- 3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,  
Shall be enough to soar,  
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,  
And reach the heav'nly shore.  
Elijah's chariot bringing  
The homeward trav'ler there ;  
Glad troops of angels winging  
It onward through the air.
- 4 Great fastness thou of honour ! thee I greet !  
Throw wide thy gracious gate,  
An entrance free to give these longing feet ;  
At last released, though late,  
From wretchedness and sinning,  
And life's long, weary way ;  
And now, of God's gift, winning  
Eternity's bright day.
- 5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,  
Array'd in beauteous guise,  
Out through the glorious city's open doors,  
To greet my wond'ring eyes ?  
The hosts of Christ's elected,  
The jewels that he bears  
In his own crown, selected  
To wipe away my tears.
- 6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band  
That once has borne the cross,

With all the company that won that land,  
By counting gain for loss,  
Now float in freedom's lightness,  
From tyrants' chains set free;  
And shine like suns in brightness,  
Array'd to welcome me.

- 7 One more at last arrived they welcome there,  
To beauteous Paradise,  
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear,  
Or tongue for praise suffice;  
Glad hallelujahs ringing  
With rapturous rebound,  
And rich hosannas singing  
Eternity's long round.

- 8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne  
There shout the jubilee,  
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,  
In blissful ecstasy :  
A hundred thousand voices  
Take up the wondrous song ;  
Eternity rejoices  
God's praises to prolong.

---

XIII.—*MISCELLANEOUS.*

474

C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heavens most high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.



- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,  
Full royally he rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds,  
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.

475

L. M.

From the xxxvi. Psalm.

- O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;  
Thy providence the world sustains,  
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain,  
Thy presence is eternal day ;  
O let thy saints thy favour gain,  
To upright hearts thy truth display.

476

L. M.

From the ciii. Psalm.

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,  
 God's holy Name for ever bless ;  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
 And after sickness makes thee sound ;  
 From danger he thy life retrieves,  
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love  
 And unexampled acts of grace ;  
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flies apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his punishment to guide  
 More by his love than our desert.

5 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
 So far has he our sins removed ;  
 Who, with a father's tender breast,  
 Has such as fear him always loved.

477

S. M.

WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul ?  
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh :  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

478

C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.

- THOU art the Way, to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

479

C. M.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
 With never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace :  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour :  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain ;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

480

8s &amp; 7s.

*Prayer for Guidance.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains  
 Whence the living waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
 In this barren wilderness ;  
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner ;  
 Be the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

481

L. M.

From the lxxxix. Psalm.

**H**APPY, thrice happy they, who hear  
 Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Who may at festivals appear,  
 With thy most glorious presence crown'd ;

- 2 For in thy strength they shall advance,  
 Whose conquests from thy favour spring :  
 The Lord of hosts is our defence,  
 And Israel's God our Israel's King.

482

C. M.

From the lxxi. Psalm.

**I**N thee I put my steadfast trust,  
 Defend me, Lord, from shame :  
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul,  
 For righteous is thy Name.

- 2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,  
 To which I may resort :  
 Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,  
 Thou art my rock and fort.

- 3 My steadfast and unchanging hope  
 Shall on thy power depend ;  
 And I in grateful songs of praise  
 My time to come will spend.
- 4 While God vouchsafes me his support,  
 I'll in his strength go on ;  
 All other righteousness disclaim,  
 And mention his alone.
- 5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,  
 Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;  
 To thee, the God of Jacob's race,  
 My voice in anthems raise.

483

L. M. 6L.

Psalm xxiii.

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noonday walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

484

P. M.

N EARER, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,



Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

485

8s.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pain'd ; nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee :  
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to theeward tend ?

3 O is there aught beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there !  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.

486

C. M.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,  
The winds obey his will ;  
He speaks, and, in his heavenly height,  
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar ;  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies ;  
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend ;  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate your God.

487

6s &amp; 8.

"My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee ; in a  
barren and dry land where no water is."

FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest.

- 2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee ;  
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.
- 3 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road ;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode ?
- 4 God of my life, be near,  
On thee my hopes I cast ;  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

488

L. M.

- WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers' God before her moved,  
 An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonish'd lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thou, O Lord, a cloudy screen,  
 To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And O, when gathers on our path,  
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 The burning and the shining Light.

489

8s &amp; 7s.

- ALMIGHTY God ! I call to thee,  
 By sore temptation shaken ;  
 Incline thy gracious ear to me,  
 And leave me not forsaken ;  
 For who that feels the power within  
 Of past remorse and present sin,  
 Can stand, O Lord before thee ?
- 2 On thee alone my stay I place,  
 All human help rejecting ;  
 Relying on thy sovereign grace,  
 Thy sovereign aid expecting,  
 I rest upon thy sacred word,  
 That thou 'lt repel him not, O Lord,  
 Who to thy mercy fleeth.

- 3 And though I travail all the night,  
And travail all the morrow,  
My trust is in Jehovah's might,  
My triumph in my sorrow ;  
Forgetting not that thou of old  
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold ;  
When weakest then most loving !
- 4 What though my sinfulness be great,  
Redeeming love is greater ;  
What though all hell should lie in wait,  
Supreme is my Creator ;  
And he my rock and fortress is,  
And when most helpless, most I'm his,  
My strength and my Redeemer.

490

L. M.

- THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

491

10s &amp; 4s.

"In the day-time also he led them with a cloud, and all the night  
through with the light of fire."

**L** EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom,

Lead thou me on ;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

492

6s &amp; 5s.

**S** TAR of morn and even !  
Sun of heaven's heaven !

Saviour high and dear !  
 Toward us turn thine ear :  
 Through whate'er may come  
 Thou canst lead us home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,  
 Those we leant on leave us ;  
 Though the coward heart  
 Quit its proper part ;  
 Though the tempter come,  
 Thou wilt lead us home.

3 Saviour, pure and holy,  
 Lover of the lowly,  
 Sign us with thy sign,  
 Take our hands in thine—  
 Take our hands, and come,  
 Lead thy children home.

4 Star of morn and even !  
 Shine on us from heaven  
 From thy glory-throne  
 Hear thy very own !  
 Lord and Saviour, come,  
 Lead us to our home.

493

P. M.

O WORSHIP the King,  
 All glorious above ;  
 O gratefully sing  
 His power and his love ;  
 Our Shield and Defender,  
 The Ancient of days,  
 Pavilion'd in splendour,  
 And girded with praise.

- 2 O tell of his might,  
O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light ;  
Whose canopy, space ;  
His chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is his path  
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store,  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power  
Hath founded of old—  
Hath stablished it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills ;  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In thee do we trust,  
Nor find thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies, how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless might,  
Ineffable Love !



While angels delight  
 To hymn thee above,  
 The humbler creation,  
 Though feeble their lays,  
 With true adoration  
 Shall lisp to thy praise.

494

C. M.

From the viii. Psalm.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world how great art thou !  
 How glorious is thy Name !

- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,  
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;  
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue  
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,  
 Employs my wondering sight ;  
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feebler light ;
- 4 O what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
 To keep him in thy mind ?  
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
 To them so wondrous kind ?
- 5 O thou to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world how great art thou !  
 How glorious is thy Name !

495

C. M.

From the xxxi. Psalm.

MY hope, my steadfast trust,  
 I on thy help repose ;

That thou, my God, art good and just,  
My soul with comfort knows.

- 2 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy wisdom times them all ;  
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide  
From those that seek his fall.
- 3 The brightness of thy face  
To me, O Lord, disclose ;  
And as thy mercies still increase,  
Preserve me from my foes.
- 4 How great thy mercies are  
To such as fear thy Name,  
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,  
Dost to the world proclaim !
- 5 O all ye saints, the Lord  
With eager love pursue ;  
Who to the just will help afford,  
And give the proud their due.
- 6 Ye that on God rely,  
Courageously proceed ;  
For he will still your hearts supply  
With strength in time of need.

496

P. M.

“ The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”

HARK ! hark ! my soul : angelic songs are  
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-  
beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more !  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
    "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
    The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
    The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
    Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
    The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
    And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 5 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
    Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
    And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

## GLORIA PATRI.

---

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

8s & 6s.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more.

## SIX 8s.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, -  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more.

## SIX 8s.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be glory in the highest given,  
By all in earth, and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## 6s &amp; 4s.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

## 10s.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,  
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

7s &amp; 6s.

ETERNAL praise be given,  
 And songs of highest worth,  
 By all the hosts of heaven,  
 And all the saints on earth,  
 To God, supreme confess'd,  
 To Christ, his only Son,  
 And to the Spirit bless'd,  
 Eternal Three in One.

8s &amp; 6s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,  
 Be highest glory given,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore,  
 By all in earth and heaven.

EIGHT 8s.

By all on earth and all in heaven  
 Be everlasting glory given  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit; equal Three  
 In undivided Unity,  
 Ere time had yet its course begun :  
 As was, and is, be highest praise,  
 And still shall be through endless days.

7s.

HOLY Father, holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One !  
 Glory, as of old, to thee,  
 Now, and evermore shall be !

## SIX 7s.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,  
Praise him, all below the sky,  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

## 8s &amp; 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

## 8s &amp; 7s.

To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given,  
Everlasting Three in One :  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

## 8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, join'd in glory  
On the same eternal throne :  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.



5s &amp; 6s.

By angels in heaven  
 Of every degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be address'd ;  
 To God in Three Persons,  
 One God ever bless'd,  
 As it has been, now is,  
 And ever shall be.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
 And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,  
 Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

11s &amp; 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,  
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,  
 The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,  
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

11s.

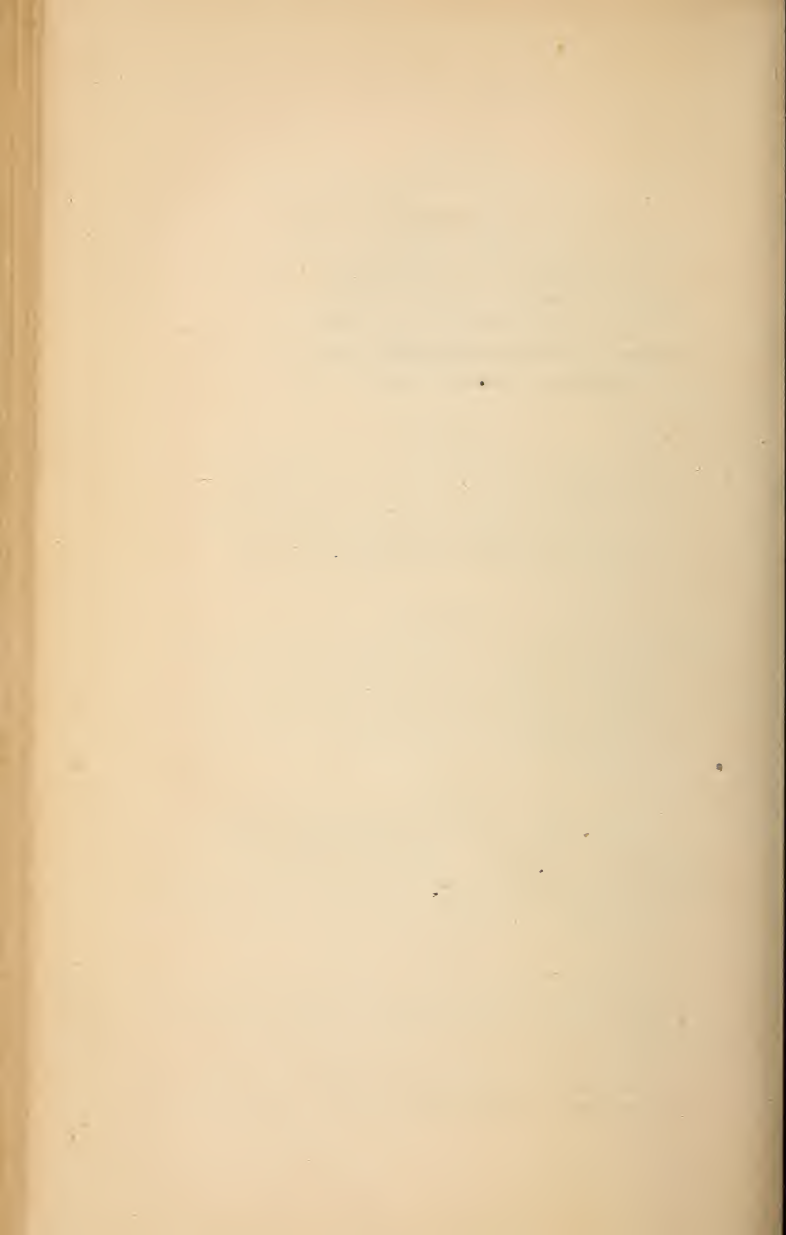
O FATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,  
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,  
 All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,  
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

12s.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,  
 The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from  
 heaven ;  
 As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,  
 And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

7s &amp; 6s.

To the Father, to the Son,  
And Spirit ever bless'd,  
Everlasting Three in One,  
All worship be address'd.  
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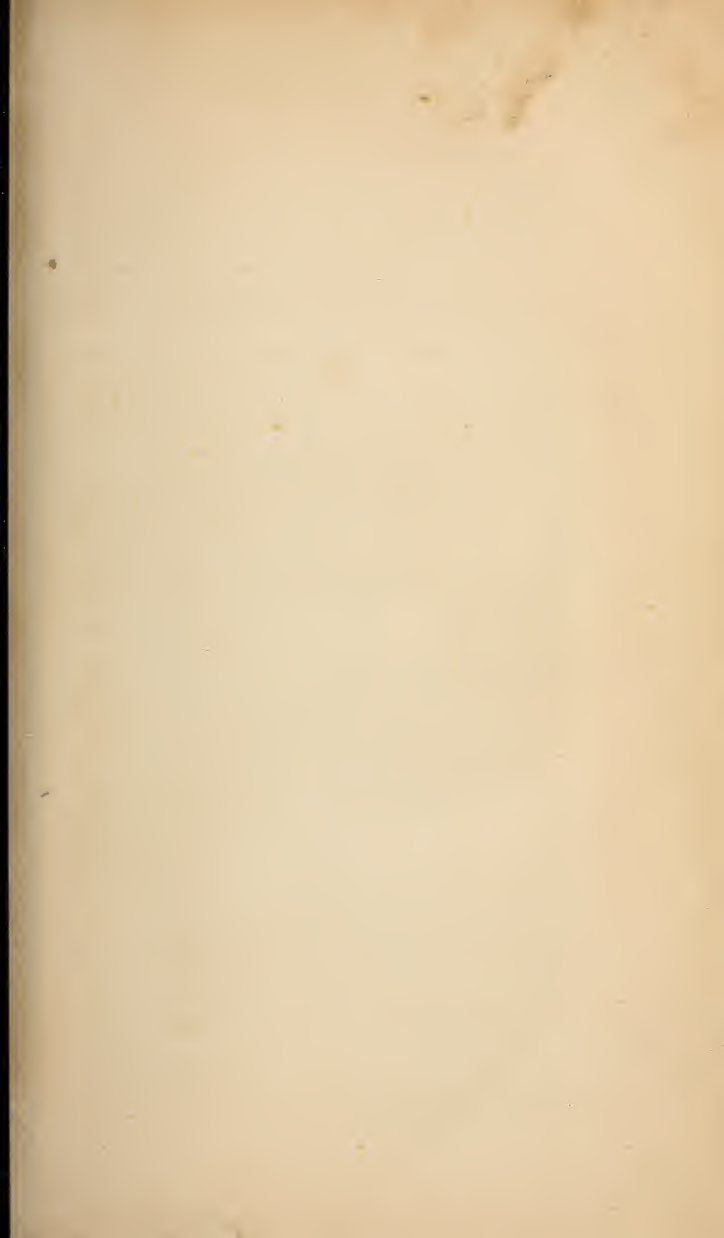
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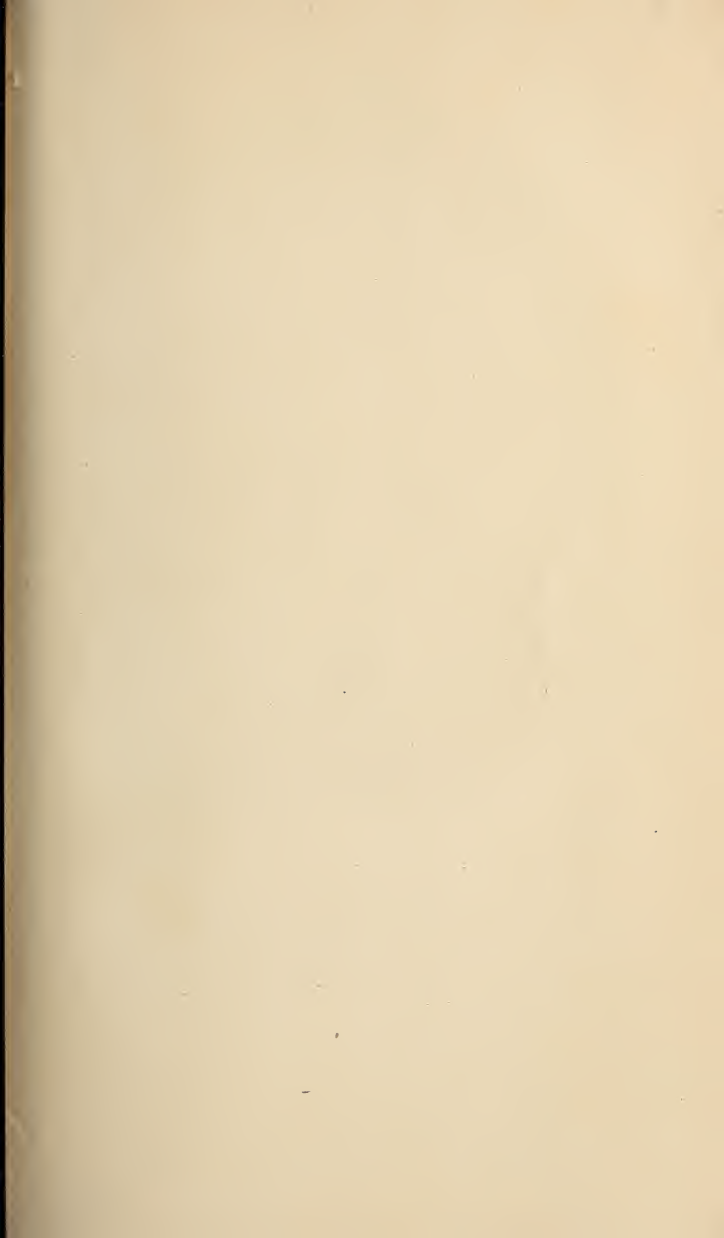
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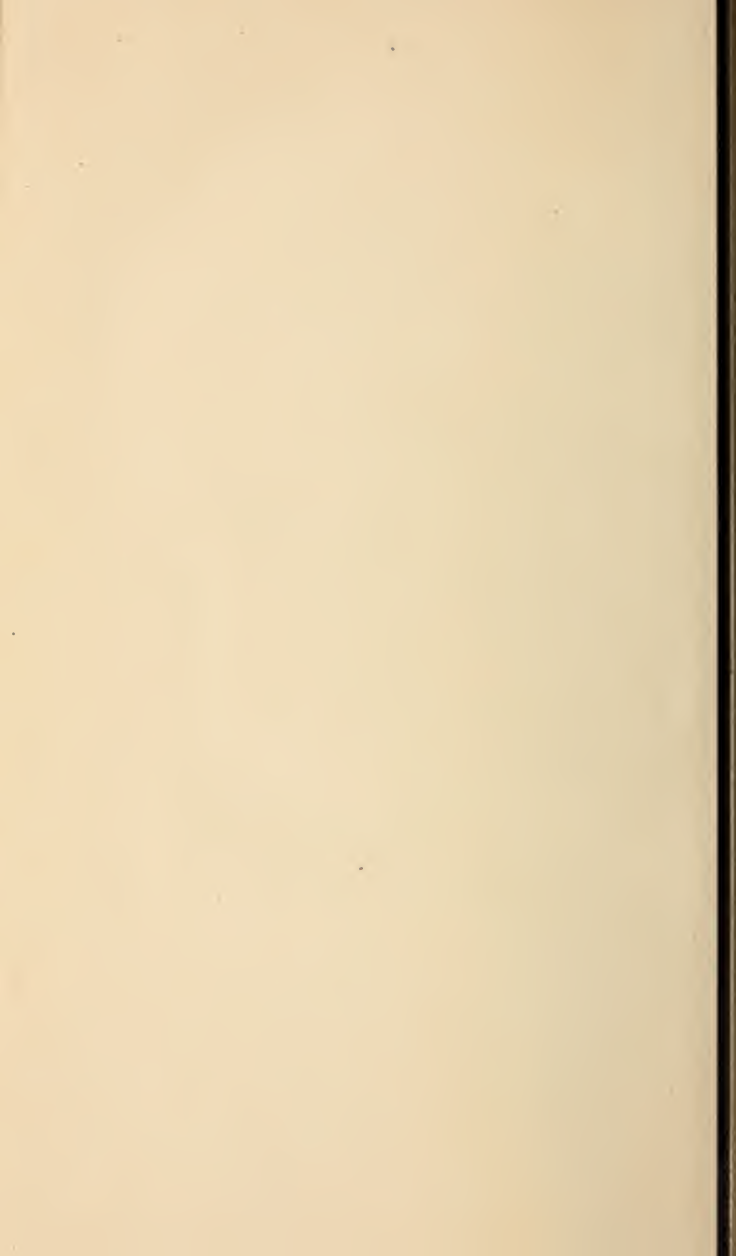
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